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ἔνθα βουλαὶ μὲν γερόντων καὶ νέων ἀνδρῶν ἀμύλλαι  
καὶ χοροὶ καὶ Μοῖσα καὶ ἀγλαΐα.

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3-30-50 - Samuel H. McVitt, '02. Friend

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No. 1.

FAUST'S IDEAL.

PRIZE ESSAY, BY HENRY ELLIOTT MOTT, MICH., '74.

The translation which lately appeared of the great poem of Germany is evidently destined to give a new impulse to English study of German literature, and it is an especially valuable addition to the library of American publications. The previous translations, mostly prose, could in no way meet the want which existed for a beautiful Anglicized version of this wonderful production of Germany's Shakespeare.

Mr. Taylor brought to his work a knowledge and patience which would have ensured success in any case; but he also brought what was of vastly more importance to the conception and completion of his great task, a heart full of love for the poet and his creation. Whether this love overleapt its bounds and caused the translator to side with the author in his many false views, it is not the purpose of this essay to enquire. Thanking Mr. Taylor for the almost incalculable benefit which he has rendered the cause of lit-

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erature in this respect, let us turn to a contemplation of the poem itself.

This is the product of a life. Conceived by Goethe while he was as yet too young to develop it, it was carried by him through all the excitements incident to a famous life, a life whose whole course was a triumphal march, never wholly lost sight of by him, until, as an old and a feeble man, he put his trembling hand to paper for nearly the last time and dedicated to art that first and last child of his genius. His work was accomplished, he wrote no more, and bringing this birth he sank into his grave. The poem, the conceptions gathering around its central idea, its many special developments, is so pregnant with thought as to have given rise to libraries of criticism. It has been a perplexity from its first appearance, nor have the volumes of contradictory exposition rendered much plainer the mystic poem. Each critic seems to have interpreted it according to the bias of mind which he brought to its perusal; and though the attempts have been almost endless, they but serve to show how well nigh limitless are its interpretations.

Perhaps Mr. Taylor suggests the best method to pursue in reviewing this work, and that is, to take the most obvious meaning and to find no more hidden design unless it can be proved. Having followed this plan, and having become familiar with the poem, it would seem well to study the whole drama as unfolding a leading idea.

This idea has found expression in *Faust* and the ideal for which he is seeking. *Faust*, it is clear, represents all the best part of Goethe's nature. The author has projected all that is noblest in his philosophy forcibly before the minds of his readers, in the person and aims of this, his ideal character. It has been remarked by an eminent critic, that what we censure in Goethe is the consistency of his life and his professions, his following out his system to its ult-



imate issues. It is hardly now to be denied that Goethe was a pantheist. But he was more than that and other than that. His doctrine that we are all a part of God, that therefore our every desire is supreme and should be obeyed, comes in contact with the "hopeless creed of Achilles," which it is equally his purpose to uphold.

He puts into the mouth of Faust the words :

" I only through the world have flown ;  
Each appetite I seized as by the hair ;  
What not sufficed me, forth I let it fare,  
And what escaped me, I let go."

And again he tells us :

" Laws are a fatal heritage,—  
Like a disease, an heir-loom dread ;  
Their curse they trail from age to age,  
And furtively abroad they spread.  
Reason doth nonsense, good doth evil grow ;  
That thou'rt a grandson is thy woe.  
But of the law on man impressed  
By nature's hand, there's ne'er a thought."

And then, with such a belief, he turns himself to the contemplation of the universe, and no one is surprised at his wail that " God dwells in splendor single and eternal, but *us* he thrusts in darkness, out of sight." Truly, then, does Goethe say, " the courses of time, lashed, as it were, by invisible spirits, hurry on the light car of our destiny, and all that we can do is, in cool self-possession, to hold the reins with a firm hand, and to guide the wheels, now to the right, now to the left, avoiding a stone here or precipice there. Whither it is hurrying, who can tell? And who, indeed, can remember the point from which it started? "

Amidst this mass of entanglement and contradiction, these divine desires and human powers, Goethe undertakes to guide his hero, Faust. It will scarcely be a matter of wonder, then, if the course which Faust travels, in his search for his ideal, should be tortuous and difficult to follow.

Restless and unhappy, Faust is just in a condition to entertain the spirit of negation, and, under the directorship of Mephistopheles, to yield to any plan which promises pleasure, though it be but for a moment: he will "jump the world to come."

There seem to have been in his career four formative periods. The first is his connection with Margaret. Probably no one ever read this touching story without a feeling of grief, yet to Faust there is nothing wrong in it all. Unfortunate it may have been, and sad, but surely not evil, for he but followed out the dictates of his desires. It is undoubtedly true that Faust loved Margaret. But it was a selfish love; it was a love which led him to tempt to her ruin a simple, confiding, pure woman, whose greatest fault was that she "loved not wisely but too well." Having slain a justly incensed brother, and impelled by law's stern necessity, Faust deserts Margaret. Nor can we discern anything strange in this. It is the logical development of a principle, the principle of impulse, and this Goethe worships as divine. It has already sanctioned seduction and murder, and Faust is becoming perfected thereby.

But it must constantly be borne in mind that Goethe is identified with Faust; and as the author only experienced artistically and not actually the worst effects of his philosophy, so he is careful that Faust neither sinks utterly into evil nor becomes altogether lost to a sense of right and truth. His nobler nature comes to his rescue and sends him to Margaret's prison. Were this the only scene wherein Faust by his action declares his creed, it were quite easy to praise his philosophy. His sorrow is genuine, his determination to rescue his victim is sincere, and we would not estimate the motive by the result.

M. Cousin speaks of the True, the Beautiful and the Good, and we ask ourselves whether Faust is not striving to attain to each of these; is he not here reaching out for

the true; does not this action appear as an exponent of that principle in man's nature? It would seem for a moment as if Goethe had unwillingly, perhaps unconsciously, given to Faust the arms for the overthrow of his own system. And it may further be argued that it is the direct, external spirit of evil which is working upon Faust and which is succeeding in obscuring the dictates of his nobler conscience, for his nobler conscience ever asserts itself when he is separated from the arch denier. But the fact must not be overlooked, that evil is as surely the outgrowth of Faust's system as is a noble perfection. The same principle which prompts to a good action prompts alike to a bad one. He who would save Margaret from her doom is he who brought it upon her. The prison is but one side of the picture, the garden is the other.

It is needless to dwell longer upon this formative episode in Faust's life. His career has so far been utterly selfish, and his sphere of action has been narrow and confined. About the only benefit which he seems to have derived from his experience is an enlargement of his desires. He now leaves the little world of self and goes out into the larger world of action among his fellow men. He is still in search of the moment of supreme happiness, and this he now seeks in power. We need not speak of this at great length, for though an interesting, it is by no means a profitable part of Faust's life. By promoting a disastrous policy, he obtains authority; but this disgusts as soon as realized.

He sought next in the ideal beautiful that happiness which it had not yet been his good fortune to acquire. In dwelling upon Faust's search for his ideal, it is almost impossible not to be influenced at times by the rhetoric and rhythm of the poem, irrespective of the thought, and the æsthetical, which it is always necessary to separate from the religious, is so intimately blended with it that the one is scarcely to be distinguished from the other. In the Helena this task is

especially difficult. The allegory is here based upon a subject so grand in its conception as to almost cause us to overlook the fact that the development of Faust's character is the central idea. Attention is centered upon the means by which this development is being accomplished rather than upon the development itself.

In this part of his career Faust makes manifest another element in his character, or, more properly, he makes known how strong this element has ever been. It is most intimately connected with desire for the True, and this, as we have seen, is a principle in Faust's nature, still alive though greatly needing development. For this reason we have been awaiting the expression of Faust's desire for the Beautiful as surely to be presented to us, the outgrowth of his creed. With this sentiment, as with the True before, Mephistopheles has no sympathy. He can no more understand it than a savage can appreciate the beauties of Shakespeare or glow with admiration before a landscape from Bierstadt. He only labors because he must. As for Faust, his whole being has gone forth to grasp his ideal. In place of the divine presence, he worships a paragon of womanly grace. He loves Helena. That beauty of form and the culture which she symbolizes he determines to make his own. But by what means? In his fierce search for ideal beauty, he breaks down all law. That beauty which he seeks, the perfect human form, is indeed a grand ideal, but he overlooks a beauty which lies deeper, justice to his fellow man, a beauty which is godlike, sublime.

Three of the four episodes in Faust's life have now been examined. He has found love and power and beauty, but he has not found happiness. And why? Because he has done violence to his nobler nature. We have seen that he approached the True, we have seen that he partially comprehended the Beautiful, and still the one moment of supreme happiness has not yet become his possession. The

reason lies partly in the fact that one of these principles he forsook, and one he misconceived. Besides, that all prevalent passion of the human heart, that necessity for a something superior to worship, was excited, not satisfied, by his creed. Faust had no God. His desires were infallible mentors for the guidance of his actions. He substituted, in place of a dethroned creator, some high sounding words. Of his God he says:—

“ Who dare express him ?  
 And who profess him,  
 Saying : I believe in him ?  
 Who, feeling, seeing,  
 Deny his being,  
 Saying : I believe in him not !  
 The All enfolding,  
 The All-upholding,  
 Folds and upholds he not  
 Thee, me, Himself ?  
 Arches not thus the sky above us ?  
 Lies not beneath us firm the earth ?  
 And rise not, on us shining,  
 Friendly, the everlasting stars ?  
 Look I not, eye to eye, on thee,  
 And feel'st not, thronging  
 To head and heart, the force,  
 Still weaving its eternal secret,  
 Invisible, visible, round thy life ?  
 Vast as it is, fill with that force thy heart,  
 And when thou in the feeling wholly blessed art,  
 Call it, then, what thou wilt,—  
 Call it Bliss ! Heart ! Love ! God !  
 I have no name to give it !  
 Feeling is all in all :  
 The Name is sound and smoke,  
 Obscuring Heaven's clear glow.”

The name is sound and smoke ; and what is the idea ! Sound and smoke as well, and feeling is all in all. That feeling is each man's desire, and each man's desire is that philosophy falsely called Humanity. It is that same Humanity which gave voices to its beliefs in the words

"Crucify Him ! Crucify Him !" It is that same Humanity which spoke in the French Revolution, and it said Reason. It ever speaks, and the world sooner or later listens, when Mephistopheles draws up a compact to bind a human soul. That this is always the result of the philosophy which Faust represents is not claimed ; but that the result is ever anything else is simply the effect of chance. His philosophy has developed into the spontaneity of the human will and desires. Thus far he has lived up to its principles, nearly regardless of the claims of others, but he has not been successful. Still Faust is more happy in his development than many others, and this is because he has different desires ; no more right, no more holy, but happily more expedient. Werther commits suicide ; Goetz supplies a beggar's wants through a rich man's ruin ; Wilhelm Meister is successful, though he never "repents nor repeats his follies ;" but none of these Faust does, not that he has not the will, but because he has not the necessity.

It now remains to consider the closing episode in the career of Faust. We would willingly linger here, for it is the oasis in his life. He has sought the True, he has sought the Beautiful, but all for himself. He now seeks, in the welfare of others, the Good. Upon this trait in Faust's character the mind dwells with the greatest pleasure. He is struck with blindness ; but it would seem as if the lens of his eye had only been turned inward to pierce the secrets of his soul. He sees now what he has never seen before, his mistake and its remedy.

Truly, though the night presses deeper around him, in his inmost spirit all is light. His great work, that through which he is willing to become known, is rescuing land from the ocean and giving it for a free soil to a people free. This work shall bring with it the happy moment. He has caught sight of his ideal, and, as in mind he contemplates the benefit which he has bestowed upon man, then he dares

to hail the fleeing moment :—“ Ah, still delay—thou art so fair.” Would it were unnecessary to cast a shadow upon this scene. But it must be noticed how uncertain is Faust’s course ; by chance, according to his theory, he has succeeded, but he has ever been struggling upon the deep, without a beacon. He has been all his life a consistent Pantheist ; and though his efforts have at last been crowned with success and he has been drawing nearer and nearer the center of creation, still no reason is to be found, in all his philosophy, why his course should not have been that of a sphere set whirling in space, not subject to attraction but wandering ever restlessly on and on, until it becomes lost in the measureless void beyond the pale of light.

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### A FRAGMENT.

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Withered and dry ;  
Only a floweret, leafless and broken,  
Only a sad, little memory-token,  
A whisper of days gone by.

Faded with tears,  
Nothing it speaks of its pristine glory,  
Simply murmurs an olden story,  
So softly—yet my heart hears.

Long years ago—  
But I plainly hear me a bell’s dull throbbing,  
And I see thro’ the mists a lone one sobbing,  
Her, “ Father, Thy will be done.”

Still moans the knell ;  
But a faith that reaches beyond and over,  
Breaks the earthen clod and the sod’s green cover,  
For “ He doeth all things well.”

W.

## BIOGRAPHY A SCIENCE.

The civilization of the nineteenth century is especially remarkable for having developed the sciences, and for the scientific methods and tendencies which it everywhere exhibits. It is in fact the natural outgrowth of the circumstances and conditions which have given rise to it. It has been nurtured in a climate which for the first time in history has sustained advanced and cultivated nations. It has been developed by races who owing to that climate differ widely in customs, opinions and mental type from the more southern Roman, Greek or Egyptian.

In the North a more rigorous climate and less generous soil necessitated a mode of life strictly in accord with stern conditions. A life of toil; of conflict with nature; of endeavor to overcome disadvantages, to turn to use and improvement what resources Nature might possess. It was not a life which could or would have fostered a Peripatetic Sage, or countenanced philosophical idling in a grove, or permitted abstract speculating in the market place. It was a life which directed man's thoughts away from himself to the contemplation of the material and useful. It was a life which of necessity developed Physical Science.

It has gone farther, however, than the development of Physical Science. The study of the phenomena of Nature, which naturally first attracted man's attention, suggested other and even higher subjects for thought. Having from them developed the beginning of Physical Science, he began to turn his attention and apply his method to the more complicated phenomena of Human Nature. As a result we have science in the moral and intellectual world. History is not now mere records, nor even mere moralizing upon the past, but it is a science. The laws which govern it have been developed from generalizations of facts. Under this mode of treatment History both illumines the future and



shoots its rays far back into distant antiquity to reveal facts unknown, to explain facts misunderstood and to refine facts from the mythical and traditional elements which so frequently distort them. Language is no longer a heterogeneous mass of dialects conveying into one at the Tower of Babel, but it, too, has come under the wonderful influence of rational science. It has its laws of growth, of improvement, of decay, and now is seen the endeavor to develop even its laws of origin. The distribution and acclimation of man have developed a true science of Ethnology; some of the features of his civilization have originated a science of Politics; Max Müller has startled the world with his science of Religion; and the Frenchman Taine illustrates the scientific tendency of the day by announcing his "conditions and dependencies" which suggest to him a science of Literature.

The almost universal application, indeed, of positive scientific principles to all departments of knowledge is becoming more and more apparent. Its beneficial effects are no where more evident and satisfactory than in Biography. "A fact which has scarcely been sufficiently weighed," says Maudsley, "is the extreme favor in which biography is held at the present time and the large development it is receiving." It seems that this development is an evidence of the transition, which M. Comte ascribes to all knowledge, of the study of Human Nature from the metaphysical to the positive.

Metaphysicians in all ages have been accustomed to postulate man as an abstraction, or as deriving his chief importance from his relations to abstractions. Their thoughts have been lost in their own "entity" or have soared speculating through space. They have not stopped to contemplate and meditate upon the struggles, achievements, and lessons of a noble life, but have sought a metaphysical explanation of the phenomenon "life" and have dried up their own by feeding too exclusively on intuitive

supersensual truths. Zeno thought that man was made for virtue, but no one in his day appeared to think that one man's virtue might be made for a shining lamp to posterity. Another philosopher considers man as composed of Fire, but does not suggest the treasuring of any of its light. Hume thought man was an "impression," Berkeley an "idea" and Hegel was content to be nothing—and hence may not have thought his biography of any value. Human nature has thus been studied subjectively, and made accountable to laws which men of their own ingenuity have first devised and then attempted to apply. The change from this mode of treatment has been in harmony with the change before hinted at in other departments of study. As the physics of the old philosophers has fallen before modern science, so too their ethics or that part of ethics which treats of man in his social rather than political relations, may be said to be giving place to practical and wholesome Biography.

Biography, indeed, is a science; and a well-written record of a life is the "application of positive science to human life." The truthful biographer contemplates his subject as an actual, concrete being. He recognizes in him a character which to a great extent has been moulded by education and circumstances; he believes that that life is the result of certain conditions, acting upon a certain disposition in a certain way; he knows that those conditions, with many others indeed that do not bear upon his subject, are still existent, and still acting in diverse combinations upon all human life. His duty is similar to that of any scientific investigator. It is for him to examine all particulars, to give to each its proper weight of relative importance; to exaggerate or conceal nothing of worth; to be candid, fearless and above all faithful. It is thus alone that he can arrive at a true estimate of the character with which he deals; thus only that he can give to mankind a correct,

valuable result, which may be for their gain and enlightenment.

The most valuable biographies are those which most nearly fulfil these requirements. The best and most wonderful in all literature is Boswell's life of Dr. Johnson. Boswell with a diligence and tenacity of memory which few men possess, collected and arranged every little anecdote, incident or remark which in any way tended to illustrate the character of which he wrote. This method of biography has been condemned by a writer of some distinction, as liable to convey false impressions by recording remarks uttered in the heat of conversation and without judgment or reflection. The criticism is in a measure just when applied to any man's life but Johnson's. Johnson with "reflection" clothed his remarks in such an inflated and unnatural verbiage that the very books on which he relied for fame are neglected and almost unknown. "The reputation of those writings," says Macaulay, "which he probably expected to be immortal, is every day fading; while those peculiarities of manner, and that careless table-talk, the memory of which he probably thought would die with him, are likely to be remembered as long as the English language is spoken." The true character of Johnson was that of an autocrat of conversation, and it is because Boswell recognized this character and treated it as such that we possess this most charming of biographies.

How different was the task of Moore when he wrote the life of Lord Byron. We know of no two faithful biographies which in contrast with each other more truly illustrate the duty of the biographer. Boswell's duty was that of unreserved exposition; Moore's of fair and judicious concealment. Byron's life in all its particulars was one which unhappily could not bear the light of day. It was a life wofully disfigured by excesses, yet a life of singular attraction and instruction. To write the story of such a life with

justice and truth, required qualities of discernment pre-eminent in Moore. He has allowed the poet to tell most of his history himself, thus illustrating the value in biography of the subject's own letters and journals. He has faithfully described the circumstances of his life and training; delineated his disposition, and most wisely suppressed the story of his dissipation. The story of such vice is not able to throw much light upon a man's character. Vice is always the same; and it is only the circumstances which may lead to it that are of importance. Moore knew this and adhered to the true principles of biography in spite of the false interpretation a gossiping public might place upon his motives.

It is this duty of discerning what is not only true and valuable, but fair to be related, that constitutes the great difficulty in biography. It requires a man of liberal charitable views, one who has personally known his subject; one withal who has knowledge of and faith in human nature. He must not be biased by sectarian views or political prejudice or family feeling. He must, indeed, be imbued with a true scientific spirit. It is the difficulty of finding these requirements combined in one man that makes good biography so rare. Irving in his life of Goldsmith has given us rather a beautiful biographical romance than the plain story of a personal acquaintance; while Forster in his life of Dickens is giving us much more minute literary history than a correct judgment would admit.

In conclusion, it seems to us that we owe the cultivation of this most entertaining and instructive department of literature to an improved mental insight; that it is in truth an evidence of progressive development in thought and study. Those who do not feel the metaphysic fever coursing through their veins, let them turn among other studies to the lives of great men which may remind them of the sublime life which they too may make.

L.

## THE WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC.

"Visitors ashore! weigh anchor! start the engines!"  
 And a thousand hearts with hope and the parting well nigh frantic,  
 Raise a farewell cheer, echoed back from the pier,  
 As they ride away 'mid the smile and the tear,  
     Embarked on the proud Atlantic.

Oh winds! fill gently the sails of that vessel;  
 Ye waves! in your wild rage lash not with billows gigantic  
 A namesake, that climbs o'er thy crest and sleeps on thy breast,  
 But bear swiftly to a haven of rest,  
     The freight of the proud Atlantic.

Ah! not by the winds shall the staunch ship perish,  
 Not by the waves; no lurid flame its dark sides shall lick;  
 No fever haunting the hold shall breathe on "*seven hundred all told*;"  
 Oh had she been but well man'd and coal'd  
     Hudson might yet kiss the proud Atlantic!

The steamer has sped on her voyage to where the tepid gulf stream  
 Warms the ocean, and the southern drift wood floats thick;  
 Her passengers stand on the lee to watch a sunset at sea,  
 While the emigrant talks of the west where homes are free,  
     Hurried on in the proud Atlantic.

*Four bells!* stateroom and steerage are sleeping  
 With naught to disturb but the engine's steady click;  
 The child face is beaming, the man of th' morrow is dreaming  
 When all the shore with life will be teeming,  
     Waiting the proud Atlantic,

Hush! what sound? is't the song of th' breeze in the cordage,  
 Is't th' rush of the anchor as the cable pays quick?  
*No!!* rocks! breakers! *\*\*\*\* reversed too late!* God pity their fate  
 Who struck just out the harbor's gate,—  
     And sank with the proud Atlantic.

Go quickly, change the "*White Star*" into mourning,  
 For the winds off Scotia are sighing; and the heart grows sick  
 At the waves' muffled roll,—like a requiem toll  
 For the lives which perished *in sight* of the goal  
     That night, on the proud Atlantic.

NICOLIUS.

RECOLLECTIONS OF OUR TRIP UP LONG ISLAND  
SOUND.

Homer some time ago remarked that as the snail which crept out of its shell was turned into a toad and thereby forced to make a stool to sit on, so the rambler is transformed, after a short time, into so monstrous a code of whims and manners that he is glad to live where he can, not where he would.

Surely, the great maker of Epics would not have us live a hermit's life; at any rate, it is not in accordance with the "innate ideas" of restless, roving Americans to remain always beneath the shadows of their own dwellings; hear the same streamlet rippling over the pebbles, and study, for the thousandth time, the lingering shadows that play around the same old, hoary mountain.

It is this deep rooted American desire "to see and to know" that has induced us on several occasions of leisure to gratify a rambling propensity. Accordingly, on the afternoon of an extremely warm and sultry day in July, in company with a friend, we left the crowd and bustle upon Broadway, and proceeded to the wharf of the "Commonwealth," one of those elegant steamers which ply to and fro upon Long Island Sound. The splash of a ponderous wheel is soon heard; the cylindrical shaft revolves, and propelled by an unseen power, working through piston and shaft and wheel, this proud steamer of a still prouder Metropolis ploughs her way up through a forest of masts, and soon leaves the shipping, spires, and domes of the mighty City far in the distance.

We are now passing Blackwell's Island. The solid stone buildings of the Penitentiary present an imposing front, and resemble somewhat certain College structures reared in the United States. We are struck, however, with

the beauty of the surrounding grounds, and with the æsthetic ability exhibited in laying out and cultivating them.

For hours we pace the deck or lean over the awning, unconscious of all save the beautiful panorama spread out before the view. The mountains rising in the distance with bright aerial tints; the wild fertility upon their sloping sides; the delightful verdure on either shore; the crystal surface of the Sound, smooth as Siloam's pool; the skies all enkindled with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine, present a picture, striking indeed, of the sublime and beautiful in nature. We gazed upon this grand view, until

" Darkness let her mantle down  
And pinned it with a star ; "

and then, all damp and chilly, repaired to the beautiful drawing rooms and elegant saloons. Here Fashion reigns with glorious sway. The diamonds flash as the promenaders sweep by; the hum of conversation strikes pleasantly upon the ear, and dulcet strains of sweetest music go streaming forth to be caught up and echoed back by the night winds. But hark! the alarm bell is sounded. There is danger ahead, perhaps *death*! Immediately, a rush is made for the prow of the steamer. We are in thick fog now. Deep anxiety is written upon the faces of all. What if we should strike some steamer! The "Commonwealth" cuts her way through darkness and fog, while the glaring red light sends its alarms over the waters! How many a silent prayer went up from earnest hearts, "Great God, direct our course!" Our brave steamer, freighted with human souls and mindful of the danger, plunges into the thickening fog. Oh, for one gleam from some friendly light-house to guide us in the the murky darkness! Oh, for one answering peal to the alarm bell sounding so dismally upon the midnight air.

After sailing a few moments, which seemed hours, a cry of joy was heard from the prow of the steamer; a star shaped light glimmered faintly in the darkness, and "Safe, thank God" trembled on the lips of all.

In a short time we reach the shore of Connecticut, where friend meets friend and hearty welcomes are given and received. As for ourselves, reflecting upon what had transpired, and speculating as to what would be our first impressions of the native Yankees, Somnus shakes the lethean dew upon our weary eyes and seals them in refreshing slumber.

WILHELM.

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### ANGELO.

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The events of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries furnish subjects worthy a Master Artist. One touch of the pencil, and Germany appears shaken to her foundation by the noble words of the Reformer, "here I stand for truth!" Another, and on the far Atlantic a vessel is heading her prow toward the shore of a new born world. A third touch, and the picture is complete; and like a sudden gleam of sunshine there falls upon the canvas all the grandeur and symmetry of Italy's *prime* in Art; while in the center of this gallery of paintings and statues we recognize the great connoisseur of that æsthetic age—Michael Angelo. The charm of his name, the power of his hand, the purity and depth of his imagination, the modesty and goodness of his daily life, *all* unite to challenge our admiration and love.

In the morning let us watch the first budding of his talent, and coming again in the evening we shall find rare beauty in the rich bloom of his life, who forms with Raphael



and Dante a Triumvirate of whom Italy need not be ashamed.

That peculiar genius which manifests itself in the production of works of Art has oftener than any other exhibited itself as a ruling passion forming with the opening mind. Giotto, the painter of whom it is said "he held as it were the mirror up to nature," made, when a shepherd-boy, his first drawings upon the smooth rock in the pasture field. Titian, with an instinct prophetic of his future superiority as a colorist, painted his first Madonna with the juice of the flowers he had gathered in his childish rambles. This is equally true of Angelo, for the visitor in Florence is still pointed to the rude attempts of the young Artist to place upon the wall of his father's house the first images of his fancy, and if we accept the accounts of his biographers, he frequently forsook the school-room to visit the atelier. Although Art had reached a high standard in Angelo's native city previous to his *debut*, still comparatively few painters and sculptors were deserving to rank as "Masters," and to the profession in general there were attached so few emoluments that proverbially it was "a poor trade," and fit only for those who were either wealthy enough to study it as an accomplishment, or possessed of too little ability to venture upon anything else. Ludovico, father of Michael Angelo and heir to the barren honors of a once noble family, seems to have centered all his hopes in this son; he would have him an advocate in his native city that in time he might gain eminence as a statesman and diplomat and thus restore a name to the house of Buonarrotti. And when the bent of the boy's mind is leading him in a direction entirely foreign to the father's hopes, we are not surprised that Ludovico should place obstacles in the way, and even assert the paternal power to check the growing purpose of his son. Young Angelo clings, however, to the "one idea," and at length the bond of apprenticeship is signed and he enters the

studio of Ghirlandajo, when he offers the first real proof of his genius by excelling his master.

John's vision of the New Jerusalem, Milton's description of Eden, our every glance above and around unite to give us the idea that the Creator is a wonderful Artist; and Ruskin says "God has given to some of his children a high appreciation of the beautiful, and a peculiar power of imitation, that he may smile at their attempts to rival nature." But does he not go further, and watch with a father's pride the *growth* and *culture* of that genius which, in love, he hath implanted? Are not Lionardo da Vinci, Raphael, Guido, Paul Veronese and all the other masters, whose brushes have made Italy beautiful, debtors to the "Great Artist of Artists" more than to the Florentine, Roman, Bolognese, and Venetian Schools? And one of Angelo's most happy characteristics is *this*, that he early discovered the true source of an Artist's inspiration and success, and that in a stanza of one of his poems he gave expression to the conviction that "a mysterious providence" had led and taught him "his whole life long."

Soon after Angelo had entered the field of his taste, a fortunate event occurs to shape his whole after life; Lorenzo, an admirer of Art, an accomplished scholar, and prince of Florence, becomes his patron and receives him at the Academy. Careful training, association with the first masters of the day, and placed as he was in the very center of the court school of Art where he might study the finest collection of antique marbles and paintings, all these lent their refining influence, and the rude gradually developed into the polished genius. Here he acquired that master lining, and a power of criticism which served as a corner-stone to his future greatness. We think Angelo's original intention was to study only *painting*, but a sudden change of circumstances drove him to attempt another branch of Art, namely, *Sculpture*. Lorenzo had suddenly died, and a new court arisen;

in consequence the young Artist was forgotten. The father, little realizing that he was scorning the first efforts of a mighty talent, bade him "go." Unknown and homeless he wanders slowly through the public park; and as his eye kindles at sight of the beautiful statues in the garden of San Marco, the question comes "why not work in marble?" And as echo replies "why not," the pencil and brush are dropped, the chisel and mallet are grasped, and as a result Michael Angelo's first statue is produced—The sleeping Cupid. The work is sold, carried to Rome, buried by the purchaser, exhumed after a few months and placed on exhibition as a genuine antique, and all the Capital rush to see this wonder of ancient skill, never dreaming that it was the first effort of a hand that was yet to rear the grandest monument Rome ever saw.

Now what was the secret of the Artist's success with the Cupid? The answer is contained in the single word—*imitation*. He had studied the Grecian models at the Academy and detected the fine points in Phidian and Praxitelean Art, and from this knowledge he had chiseled out a figure that bore such a striking resemblance to the reliques from the Parthenon that even the old masters were deceived. Yet for all this, Angelo was not a great Sculptor; *imitation* may require talent, but *genius* is not in it. What essentially distinguishes genius from talent is this—*genius* is creative, it invents, it places an ideal form before the mind and calls on *talent* to assist in giving the finish to the material form. Angelo was conscious that he could never become the Artist of his country by simply copying from the Greeks; he knew that if destitute of originality he was wanting in the chief element of the Artistic mind; and after producing the Cupid he labored assiduously to found a new school of Art, and he succeeded.

The Artists in the time of Pericles took the most of their models from their ideal Gods and Goddesses; thus all

their sculpture is distinguished by a perfectness and symmetry of feature and limb that seems inappropriate to modern Art. Angelo now turned all his attention to the study of anatomy that he might well understand the human form, and be able to represent it, like life, in marble. The grand aim was naturalness,—to be able to express life and power by position,—to have the spectator read the thoughts and passions of the heart in the facial expression.

We are now to speak of a new era in the life of Angelo. Seeking a broader field for the play of his genius, he turns his back on the Florence of his youth, and enters the Rome of his riper years. As he ascends for the first time the rock of the Capitol and sitting on the bare wall of the temple of Jupiter looks about him, he never anticipates that one day the eye will look from thence on the massive dome of St. Peters, the architectural wonder of the world, which his great mind conceived and hand executed. But let us stand aside as he plunges into the ocean-like life before him, to-day to be whelmed in the trough, to-morrow to be lifted up, until the successive waves of a quarter of a century bear him over all his contemporaries and he stands without a rival.

He was not great by the ebb and flow of circumstances, or by the patronage of cajoled princes; but genius, hand in hand with honest toil, had won for him his position in the world of Art. His competitors were not men of clumsy touch and blunt imagination. In *sculpture*, the chisels of the masters of Europe had rung in response to his. In *painting*, his pathway had crossed that of Lionardo da Vinci, and even Raphael was proud to hang his picture where it might catch the mellow light that fell from Angelo's. He spoke to the canvas, and grace and beauty answered his call. He touched the unhewn marble, and it needed but the beating heart. In short, he had found the masters' secret, "the blending of the real and the ideal."

We lift the veil from one of his works!—A youth shrouded for the tomb, and bowing over him an aged man:

as you look on the one with his well formed limbs, damp curling locks, and the flush of boyhood scarce gone from his princely face; then note the other with his kingly mien, and yet read the breaking of his great heart in every expression of his countenance, your first burst of admiration melts into a quiet tenderness and you seem to hear the sad sweet words of Israel's king,

“ And now farewell—’Tis hard to give thee up  
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee,  
And thy dark sin ! . . . . .  
May God have called thee like a wanderer home—  
My lost boy Absalom ! ”

To visit the great Michael Angelo, as standing on the scaffold he painted the wall of some cathedral; or to lean upon the bench of his workshop as day by day and year after year he wrought form and beauty from the solid rock, were a pleasant pastime: but to stand in after years before the monuments of his genius, to pass judgment on his productions, and assign him his position as an artist, is no little task. The critics of three centuries as they have paused before his works, struck by the perfect naturalness of his figures, and spell-bound at the depth of his imagination, have not hesitated to place him first in the rank of modern Artists. Let it suffice for us to add, he elevated the standard of Italian Art, adorned the land of his birth, and turning aside the finger of scorn pointed at his fellow laborers, brought them up from the hidden studio and placed them in the rank of men.

That genius is sometimes a curse, the untimely grave of the poet, and the perverted intellect of the gifted alike are witnesses. But fortune and applause, which have thrown a tarnish on too many sons of talent, left no taint on the well balanced character of Angelo. His life was a model for purity, while from his heart flowed a warm sympathy for unfortunate humanity. When from over the slopes of Italy his ear caught the cry of “help for suffering Florence,”

he forgot that he was an artist in the remembrance of his citizenship, and hastened to act his part in the great struggle for liberty. Rank is tendered him but rejected with the Spartan reply, "I come a common soldier in the common cause." When the cry "bread, bread," came up from a starving populace his hand first succors, while his voice entreats the rich to open their storehouses and feed the hungry poor. We join the shout of praise to the philanthropy of Howard; we applaud the eloquence of O'Connell pleading for the rights of Ireland, but we know no nobler example of mingled generosity and patriotism than Michael Angelo's defence of Florence.

Our sketch is finished. We have not sought to give a critical biography, but simply to trace the footsteps of one of Italy's noblest sons, plucking here and there a flower, and now and then a ripened cluster to hold up as memorials of a well spent life. And when the light of God's truth shall shine on darkened Italy commensurate with the splendor of her noon-day sun, then shall Italians love to recount the virtues of their statesmen, chant the poetry of the bards of Venusia and Mantua, nor less than these to venerate the character and boast the genius of Michael Angelo.

NICULIUS.

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### REFLECTION.

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Calm Night from out the western sky  
The weary steeds of Day had driven,  
And from the azure depths of heaven  
A thousand jewels flashed on high.

The Earth below, in silence deep,  
No more disturbed the slumbering air,  
And in the frowning face of Care  
Were closed the balmy doors of Sleep.

I gazed into the blue above,  
Upon the star-bespangled arch,  
Where, circling in their westward march,  
The silver constellations move.

I caught Perfection from the sweep  
Of systems grandly rolling by,  
And saw the light of ages die  
Within the blue, unmeasured deep.

I saw the Grand and Infinite  
Meet in the starry, vast abyss,  
And Harmony and Beauty kiss  
The shadows from the brow of Night.

I saw Eternal Wisdom guide  
The course of many a wandering star,  
And, stretching through the azure far,  
Swift speeding world from world divide.

I pondered : has Omnipotence  
That traced the mazes of the heaven,  
A single thought of pity given  
"To me the slave of Time and Sense?"

I grieve, but from those shining heights  
No tear of pity comes to me ;  
But, sailing through immensity,  
They scorn my sorrows and delights.

Is He who made the earth and air,  
The depths of space, its starry span,  
Unmindful if the soul of man  
Should drown itself in deep despair?

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At last I see the morning star  
Smile sweetly downward from the blue,  
And melt in silver glory through  
The eastern gates of heaven afar.

I see Aurora kiss the earth  
With many a rosy-tinted beam ;  
And all the charms of Beauty seem  
To spring unbidden into birth.

The flower, the leaf, the bird, the brook,  
Are whispering to the human heart,  
And Love, and Joy, and Pity, start  
From many an unsuspected nook.

Ah ! here I see for which in vain  
I searched the starlit arch of Night ;  
The rolling constellations bright,  
Despised my longings, and my pain.

But now for me the season weaves  
Fair springtime's budding trees, and flowers,  
And luscious summer's perfumed bowers,  
And Autumn's sear and faded leaves.

So, for the common good of man,  
Unnumbered blessings spring, and grow,  
And, multiplying here below,  
Bespeak a maker, and a plan.

Unerring Wisdom ! Thee I see  
In shining star and rolling world,  
Where, from the depths of space is hurled  
The light of Thine infinity.

Eternal Goodness ! Thee I know,  
In Thy unchanging, boundless love,  
Not in the heights of heaven above,  
But blooming from the earth below.

YANKEE.



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STRICTURES ON LORD BACON, THE MAN.

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All that pertains to the reign of Queen Elizabeth is full of interest to the student. This period is a dividing line in English History and marks also a great epoch in Literature. Among the eminent men of letters who thronged the courts of Whitehall, few held a more conspicuous place, none became more renowned and *notorious*, than Francis Bacon. In studying the character of the Man, we find little calculated to elicit praise, but much that demands our disgust and contempt and execration. Let us try him by his own *actions* and by his own *words*.

I. We affirm that he possessed coldness of heart, a lamentable amount of insincerity and general hollowness and meanness of spirit. In his Essay on Friendship he says: "Whoever in the frame of his nature and affections is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the *beast* and not from humanity." If we then prove him unfit for friendship, by his own testimony the *bestial* qualities appear. Essex, "whose mind," says Mr. Macaulay, "naturally disposed to admiration of all that is great," was fascinated by the genius and accomplishments of Bacon. To use the expressive language of the Earl, he "spent all his power, might, authority and amity" in securing Bacon's advancement. Having failed to obtain for him the office of Solicitor General, he bestowed a magnificent gift, and aided him at all times and in ways without number. While Essex was favored with prosperous gales there was no mutiny on ship-board. But when his fortunes began to decline, when calumny blackened his name, when he was deprived of his power and arraigned to answer for his life, when the grating of the dungeon door was heard behind him, when he threw himself upon his damp cot in his lonely cell, when the friend whom he had labored so hard to advance came not near—even to bid him be brave—then must he have lost faith in humanity, and thought that

"Friendship is but a name,  
 "A sound that lulls to sleep;  
 "A mist that follows wealth and fame,  
 "Then leaves the wretch to weep."

There *are* men who would have "stood by the side of Essex at the trial; would have spent all their 'power, might, authority and amity' in soliciting a mitigation of the sentence; would have been daily visitors at the cell; would have received the last injunctions and the last embraces on the scaffold; would have employed all the powers of their intellect to guard from insult the fame of their generous though erring friend." When we reflect upon the ignoble motives which induced Bacon to use all his mighty powers of argument and eloquence to shed the blood of the Earl; when we behold him, not content with this, but using his subtle and powerful pen to blacken the memory of his dead friend, we forget that he was the "brightest, the wisest," and with Pope we unqualifiedly term him the "meanest of mankind."

II. Bacon was a base flatterer and a servile and crouching coward. If the abject and honeyed language used in applying for assistance from Lord Burleigh, were the only mark of his fawning disposition, we might find some excuse for his conduct, in reflecting that he was somewhat straightened in pecuniary matters; and being anxious to give himself to the study of the sciences, was thus led to make those *childlike* and peculiarly touching appeals to his rich, old uncle. Still, in scanning more closely the life of this man, we are assured of the truthfulness of our former estimate of his character. Lord Bacon, certainly, dispensed with no homœopathic allowance the sugar-coated pills of flattery. An extract from his letter to King James, shortly after that monarch had ascended the throne, illustrates this feature of his character. In a white heat of expectation for future emolument, the scheming politician pens these glowing words: "Most High and Mighty King, my most dread and

dear Sovereign Lord, since now the corner-stone is laid of the mightiest monarchy in Europe, I think there is no subject of your Majesty's which loveth this island, and is not hollow and unworthy, whose heart is not *set on fire*, not only to bring you peace-offerings to make you propitious, but to sacrifice himself a *burnt-offering or holocaust to your Majesty's service!*" This undoubtedly proved a large dose, but the king swallowed it with a relish; and, on the trial of Sir Walter Raleigh, Francis Bacon appeared as counsel for the Crown.

This fawning sycophancy, linked to cowardice, is plainly seen in two cases which we shall notice. After Essex had been condemned, Elizabeth wavered for a long time in carrying the sentence into execution. Bacon might have saved the life of the Earl, but his *cowardice* prevented him from boldly interceding for his friend. To be sure he told the haughty Queen that "her Majesty's mercy was an excellent balm that did continually distil from her sovereign hands and made an excellent odour in the senses of her people." But why did not Francis Bacon go to the Queen, and, like a man, *plead* for a pardon? Because should he chance to offend the prond Elizabeth, he might never become Solicitor General! There was too much flattery and not enough boldness in his character. No wonder that such a man should have no opinion of his own, when that opinion might weaken his power at the royal court! No wonder that the penitent hypocrite should repair to the residence of the powerful Buckingham; beseech admittance for two whole days, fling himself and the Great Seal of England upon the ground, kiss the favorite's feet and vow never to rise until forgiven! Such conduct is simply despicable, and we can explain it upon no other ground than by concluding that he was governed by an insatiate ambition which led him to crouch like a dog before the gilded doors of Royalty. But we could wish that no fouler

blots stained the character of Bacon. Alas! he has been sowing to the winds and he must reap the whirlwind. He has been watching the beauty of the Tree of Evil, but now as he tastes its fair fruits they turn into bitter ashes on his lips.

III. We must now consider Francis Bacon, Baron of Verulam, as the corrupt judge. The author of "The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth" seems to regard Bacon as a political martyr—a sort of ermined scape-goat upon whose head were visited the iniquities of the English Court. Speaking of the trial and conviction of Bacon he says: "The courts of Russia are now notoriously corrupt; in some future time when the nation imperatively demands a reformation of the judicial tribunal, some great Russian famous as a thinker and man of letters, as well as judge, will, though *comparatively innocent*, be selected as a victim and the whole system rendered infamous in his condemnation." Better that Mr. Whipple should first prove him *comparatively innocent*. But upon what ground is his innocence advocated by this too sympathetic reviewer? Simply from the fact that it was the *custom* in those days to take bribes. As though a *custom*, forsooth, could rid the soul of sin! This humane writer ought, by all means, to attempt a vindication of the lately convicted judges in the city of New York. Most assuredly, bribery was as customary during the wild reign of William Tweed as at any other period in the history of our world. No, Mr. Whipple, we can call bribery by no other name than corruption, and we have little patience with that man, learned though he be, who thus seeks to palliate guilt by a "load of circumstances." When we see Lord Bacon deprived of the Great Seal, confined to his bed of sickness and sorrow; when we hear him beseeching his accusers to be "merciful to a broken reed," we may pity, but can not excuse. When Francis Bacon, Viscount of St. Albans, departed from the straight and narrow paths of rectitude

and common honesty, we rejoice that the cold hand of Justice was laid heavily upon his brow, though that brow *was* filled with teeming thoughts!

We must confess our inability to harmonize the character of the Man with that of the Philosopher. Reflecting upon his giant mind and gathering knowledge from his rich philosophy, we deeply regret that he was not an humble, earnest and *practical* christian. How different might have been the *life* of Francis Bacon had he placed all his learning at the feet of Christ!

“Philosophy baptised  
In the pure fountain of eternal love,  
Has eyes indeed. \* \* \*  
Learning has borne such fruit in later days  
On all her branches, Piety has found  
Friends in the friends of Science, and true prayer,  
Has flowed from lips wet with Castalian dew.”

W. H. W.

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## GREEK VERSUS GERMAN.

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The struggle of the scientists to upturn the classical course of education and to supply its place by scientific, modern or practical studies, unsuccessful abroad, has now found its arena in America. We are therefore put in a state of anxiety for the result.

We understand that the question is being discussed at Harvard, with a strong probability in favor of the change, namely that of substituting German for Greek as a requisite for admission. Since the result of Harvard's decision will not immediately affect the interest of our college, it seems not our place and also unnecessary that we should attempt to argue this question for them, or even be so bold to advise

or criticise what that college may see fit to do. Still we are not prevented from offering to our own students the few thoughts that arise in our mind on the proposal of the so-called *reform*.

It is held by those who advocate this change that "Greek is of less practical utility in after life than German." We grant it, but while doing so, hold that a knowledge of the principles of farming or of any sort of trade, would be to many men of more *practical utility* than German. Why not substitute them? If mere practical utility be the only thing in question, why not abolish colleges, and fill the land with scientific, agricultural and other practical schools? But practical utility is not our object in view. It is acknowledged on all sides, even by those who advocate this reform that "high culture," or a harmonical development of the faculties of the mind, should be the end aimed at. And yet, "for those students who have not the natural ability or industry to acquire 'high culture,' and who might find in German a useful and not over laborious mental pastime during their college course," it is proposed to omit the study of the Greek, or which amounts to the same thing, to allow as an equivalent a knowledge of German. This argument, as the first, carried to its legitimate results lands us in absurdities. Now what could be more absurd than an institution, bearing the name of a college, in which the programme of exercises (for we could not call them studies) consisted of mere *mental pastimes* adapted for "those students who have not the natural ability or industry to acquire 'high culture?'"

Let it not be supposed that we are opposed to the study of German, even as a requirement for admission. We believe most thoroughly in its importance and in its practical utility, and that every man of high culture should be familiar with the German language and literature. At the same time we should be most sorry to see it take the place

of Greek. It is said that the Greek is a *dead language*: for that very reason we should make it our study. Not that we should study all dead languages, but granted that we should study at least one, of all others we choose the Greek, as embodying the finest ideas, as being the most perfect language, and best suited to the purposes of general culture. And why do we hold to this dead language? We answer, it is better suited than the modern for the training of the mind. First, the German language is not so difficult to master as the Greek; its ideas are all modern; its sentences expressed in an order very similar to our own; and many of its words nearly identical: while with the Greek the case is the reverse; the manner of thinking different, the sentences more involved, the meaning often obscure. Here each sentence becomes a *mental puzzle* rather than a *mental pastime*. By the very difficulty of the study our minds are called into stronger action and thus become better trained.

This draws out another advantage of the Greek over the German; the command it gives us of our own native tongue. The fact that one has before him an involved Greek construction, which he must translate into a literal, yet elegant English version, gives him a better command of language, while, at the same time, it teaches him accuracy and care.

True this result may be, and perhaps is, in the majority of cases lost, from the fact that students do not appreciate the advantages they are throwing away in preferring to use the labor of another, rather than make a little mental exertion themselves; yet we believe it would not be a difficult matter for a professor, who himself has felt these benefits, to impress them upon the students under his charge.

We need but to point to France, after the great revolution, as an example of a country where the omission of Greek has been attempted. That the experiment failed is



shown by the position that Greek holds in that country in the present day.

From the nature of the circumstances, we cannot believe that the experiment will succeed any better in America. German may be put in the place of Greek for a few years, but when its influence upon the mental power of the land begins to be felt, we are confident that we too shall be obliged to study the dead yet living language Greek.

HELLENICUS.

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### KNOWLEDGE ESSENTIAL TO CRITICISM.

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In this age when criticism struts the world like some great giant, challenging every author who makes his appearance in the world of letters, the fact is often ignored that the prime element in all true criticism is a mind well stored with useful knowledge, and thoroughly conversant with every sphere of literature and art. Without knowledge the critic is continually bewildered and confused, confutes where he ought to approve, and is ever losing himself amid the intricate windings and entangled paths of polite literature. "Ignorance," says Shakespeare, "is the curse of God, but knowledge is the wing wherewith we fly to Heaven."

The student of anatomy is obliged to undergo a course of thorough training before he is allowed to enter upon the active duties of his profession. He frequents the charnel houses and dissecting rooms by day and night, and ceases not till he has familiarized himself with the human body in its minutest details. He examines the smallest bones in the



eye and ear, and discovers their relation to sight and hearing. The brain he finds is covered with little cells, he halts not till he has examined those psychological theories which discuss the connection between the brain and thought. He stores his mind with useful knowledge, and comes before the world a living volume of facts and theories relating to his profession.

Ought the seeker after critical honors be allowed to do less? The study of the human body. The false physician may destroy a human life, but the critic may blast the prospects of a human soul. And can there not be empirics in criticism just as there are empirics in medicine. Too often after taking a few rules from the French authors, or other pretenders, the small critic makes his *debüt* before the world,—a living lie, a “whited sepulchre” in the profession he has chosen. Forgetting that the greatest critics have been men distinguished for their solid learning and sound sense, he would become an Aristotle without Aristotle’s logic or a Quintilian without Quintilian’s learning. He roams the world at large and becomes a sort of critical Quilp, fitted to cavil but not criticise. Like the mimic flower gardens described by Schlegel, which bloom at noon, but are dead before night, he flourishes for a while and then passes away, and his works remain—a mass of cant claiming the rank of a volume of truth. When will man learn his proper sphere, and labor there patient and active, “Moses-like on the lonely height of calm Pisgah?”

INDEX.

## TRAUMEREI.

Wavelets come plashing up against the shore  
Moaning and throbbing like a weary soul ;  
Pleading they raise their white-tipped crests like hands  
Groaning and muttering their dreary dole ;  
Echoing down the smooth shell-studded sands,  
And wandering back with sullen, surly roar.

Sitting within the slowly gathering gloom  
Listing the sad-sweet farewell of the tide,  
Shadows come crowding up within my breast ;  
Shadows of questionings and fears allied,  
Shadows that fill me with a wild unrest ;  
And dark forebodings o'er my spirit loom.

Spirits of Evening from their Eastern home  
Spreading their pinions, hover over-head,  
Mist shapes of Ocean born with her caves  
Hasten, ascending, and with ghostly tread,  
Stretching along the grayish feathered waves  
Seem like weird phantoms watching o'er the foam.

Plaintive and sadly comes a weary sound  
So like a sob my heart throbs sympathy ;  
'Tis but the night-wind sighing its "good-eve"  
Wimpling the surface of the shadowed sea.  
It seems so human ; I did ne'er conceive  
Living and lifeless were so closely bound.

Moonlight all golden, melting the dark shade  
Tinges each cloud edge with its mystic sheen ;  
Piercing the mist mead floating o'er the wave  
Softened to silver it appears t' evene,  
And with a glory e'en like Heaven to pave  
The mirror-sea, with reflect stars inlaid.

Softly another light, intense yet sweet,  
Glimmers adown upon the dark within,  
Scattering the shadows brooding o'er my heart,  
Shadows of sorrow—shadows, too, of sin.  
Following the way glints, upward my eyes dart,  
Resting, at length, upon the Mercy-seat.

W.

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## VOICE OF THE STUDENTS.

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[This department of the *LIT.* is intended to represent the opinion of the Students upon current college topics, and is open for free and fair discussion to the advocates of both sides of disputed questions.—*Eds.*]

### OUR GREATEST NEED.

To Princeton come nearly four hundred students. These come as representatives from every part of the United States. Nor are we lacking in foreign students. They are here from Canada, Wales, Greece, Turkey, Syria, China, and Japan. Of those who are of the United States most are representative men. Indeed this is true of all. They bear the spirit of their sections. They may not have the wealth or always the influence of their neighbors, but their coming as one or two or three of a very large number who might come and will not, shows them to bear a spirit that is strong and a will to overcome difficulties. This spirit may not and perhaps does not pertain to all, yet the majority of the students come to this College to learn and to get good, and we know that we bear about with us a determination to improve ourselves. Such men as these cannot be wanting in influence, if not for good certainly for evil. Neither is our influence simply of one upon the other. It widens indefinitely when we separate to mingle with other friends. This is enough to show the value of our plea. We ask for a pastor.

We have the testimony of eminent ministers of this country as to the demands of students in this regard. From our chapel pulpit we have heard them say that the congregation there before them was of greater interest than others because composed of parts of so many. We know too that it is rare to hear of a change for the better among students after leaving college. So true is this and so generally acknowledged that it needs no comment. It is then due to the students to have a pastor.

The opinion that a good professor is not a good preacher is so universal that we call attention to it here only as a foundation for what shall be further said. This truth too precludes more apology to them and urges us to state the views of many students and friends of this college. Even if we had not heard of the fact that good qualities as a professor exclude good qualities as a preacher we could almost assert it from experience gathered here. We know that our professors are generally well qualified as instructors and that they are not generally interesting preachers. This is true first because we meet them in so different a capacity during the week that on Sabbath we cannot look to them for spiritual advice. This reason is on our part. On their part we have the second reason. To attend rightly to their duties as professors they cannot prepare sermons for the students.

It is then due the professors that they should not preach. We have a separate professor for each department. Why shall we not have a special instructor in the pulpit? Besides our professors work enough during the week and should have the privilege of resting their weary brain on the Sabbath and of listening with the students to a regular pastor. It is due the professors to have a pastor

Again a professor cannot be a thorough disciplinarian and minister to the religious wants of the students. He cannot find the ailments in order to administer the balm. Sympathy, true sympathy is the first requisite to success in preaching. We do not want philosophy or statistics but the simple Bible-truths. Yet the professors are not to be blamed if they do not satisfy our wants. When a man is devoting himself constantly during the week to one branch he cannot be expected to prevent his sermons partaking of the nature of that branch. No one should demand any thing else. Nor should we be expected to be interested in such a sermon. We want then a preacher who can enlist

our sympathy. There is no probability of reasoning religion into our hearts until we have learned to love it. Religion is pleasant and should be made to appear so. This is what we demand and must have before we can have that moral standard so much desired. How is it possible to conceive that a minister can reach his hearers unless he knows their needs. A professor cannot know them because the students keep aloof from him. It is not natural for students to consult their professors in religious matters.

We love to study philosophy, science, and language, under our instructors during the week; but on the Sabbath we want to hear of the man who chose fishermen for his disciples, impressed his lessons by miracles of mercy and summed up the law and the prophets in love.

Why have we not a pastor for this college? It cannot be want of money. Friends on every side are stretching forth their hands and begging us to take their gifts. Our treasury is loaded with money, and yet, poor souls are perishing for food. We are tearing down our barns and building larger, while the poor leper is at the gate uncared for. It cannot be the want of knowledge; even the students who come here to learn know this truth. Can men of experience plead ignorance? Yet here is the truth. Where is the fault? It must be want of attention. Can it be? Men who are always telling us of the poverty of this world and the riches of the world to come, through inattention failing to prepare us for those riches? In such times of need something must be done.

What do we want? A man to preach from the heart, not from the head. We want a man who will visit us. We need a man who above all has the special care of our religious wants. We have doubts and difficulties but no shoulder to help us bear them. Many come to this college from good religious homes and fall away, because of knowing no heart into which they may pour their grief and no hands to help

them resist the difficulties in their way. If we can have a pastor we want him to live where we can go to his study and talk with him in private. There is a natural repugnance among students to anything done in Faculty meetings. So our pastor must have nothing to do with these in an official capacity. We come here to learn from the Faculty and to obey their laws. They are rightfully our intellectual guardians. We want a man to be our spiritual guardian. Give us a pastor. It is due the students. It is due the Faculty. It is due the cause of religion.

Now if those who have charge of the religious interests of this college attend to our need they will do a good work. Our professors will not be grieved if the proposition is made. They know well enough that they cannot preach as they ought and attend rightly to their other duties. We know that all men have not the same gift. Let us have the man who will give his time to our religious needs. If four hundred young men in a college do not demand a pastor then what congregation deserves one? A. D. M.

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BOTANY.

People are often surprised in looking over the Academic course of study at Princeton to find that, while due attention is given to Astronomy, Geology, &c., Botany is left out entirely. But turning to the course for the new Scientific School we find Botany put down as a scientific study. Now we wish to know why Botany is such a strictly scientific study? Is the study of the flora of our land any more scientific than that of the earth on which it grows? Or, is it any more scientific than Anatomy, or Chemistry? While we would not exclude any of these studies from the acade-

mic course, we would ask why Botany is not included in this course,—at least as an elective in Senior year?

Will we, as graduates of college, be considered “liberally educated” if we cannot even name the commonest trees, plants, or wild flowers? There is at present a remarkable deficiency among collegiates in this respect. How are we to understand what the *acrogens* of the coal period are, when they will be mentioned in the lectures on Geology?

Perhaps, as the course in Botany would not cover a year, it could not be considered as a Senior elective. Then we would ask if one might not take, as electives, some other studies in the Scientific course, and yet get a diploma from the Academic Department? Is the new Scientific School to be a distinct department, or is it meant simply to enlarge the list of electives? We hope that it is to be the latter, and that when we return next year we may hear that the Senior Class has a greater number of electives to choose from.

T.

#### THE MORALITY OF PRIZE CONTESTS.

The success that has followed honorable competition is due more to advantages joined with merit, than to original merit alone. Hence, there arise among the body of contestants two classes; Those who have had a good preparation in college studies, in reading also, and perhaps in speaking, and those for whom it has been a struggle to get either. Throughout the entire course both these classes strive, and whatever advantages the former may possess, or whatever merit they may acquire, even in case of failure, the greater success abides with the latter. For with them it has been a silent sowing, seed by seed, a silent digging inch by inch,

down into the very foundation of their being. But because it is mental training their success is hidden and, often, only appears, when the discipline acquired here, is seen in after life to have eminently fitted them for practical duties. Yet they do not always shine in college, nor are always among the honor men. Now, such men need the encouragement and culture which the others had in a large degree before they entered college and to which they have steadily added while here. To acquire this culture they contend, say, for a prize essay in the "LIT." But against whom? Against men who have added to good natural talents and to an excellent preparation, the thorough training of a college course; against men already successful in essays, debate, and upon the J. O. stage; against men for whom prizes have such attractions, that it has become a question in the minds of their fellow students whether they do not resemble that ancient class, whom Socrates charged with being "swinishly disposed;" against men who, from their past success, are sure of victory in Senior year.

It is the aim of this article to show that if it is honorable to compete, there is yet a limit to competition; a limit fixed not by natural law, but by a high toned sense of propriety and honor.

It will be readily granted that some who enter college are ambitious. Subsequently this motive displays itself in a contest for a prize, say, on debate. Success follows; elated, he makes an effort for a "LIT" prize and is successful; again he strives for one in oratory and wins. Three medals of brilliant lustre dangle from a chain. Shall he try again? For what? The "LIT." "I congratulate you on your success." Here are then, four prizes and perhaps another from one of the Halls. By this time part of the course has expired, the victor has made his reputation and preserved his honor(?); he has measured the strength of his opponents and knows his own; and whether it becomes public or not



he knows no one can successfully contend against him. Nevertheless he contends again for the "Lit" prize in Senior year. With whom? Technically with others, virtually with no one; for his ability sweeps all at the start. The contest is all one sided. Is this competition? In no sense can it be so regarded. The victor is simply an antagonist and those opposed are not competitors but exhibitors of their ability to the committee.

The present position of the victor calls up a point of honor. He is about to graduate with a reputation high as a speaker, scholar, debater, and writer. In all these things he has done his duty and received his reward. The *duty* to contend exists no longer. If he contends it is due to the way in which past success has trained his ambition—a training which, by that very success is perverted. No iota can be taken from his honor if he does not contend; and no iota added to it if he does; for all know that there are virtually none against him. It is no longer even a privilege to contend; but a zeal worthy of a miser.

Public opinion has, also, a voice in this matter. It has a right to judge a man's actions as charitably as the facts will warrant. It may see nothing wrong in the bare statement that one was successful in two or more contests of the "Lit," and of the same nature, namely, a prize essay. But it is apt to *think* when it learns the context of circumstances, and how very easy it is for one to succeed when there is virtually no rivalry. It will not think any thing *very wrong*; only, that the man's ambition was inordinate.

There is, finally, the effect upon the victor's personal character. Simply because a man is a victor, his character ought to be more noble and lofty. His character is that upon which innumerable suns shed their light and expose its blackness or reveal its beauty. His talents will undoubtedly insure success, but if he has closed his course without a nobler increase in his moral stature, his life has an element

of *shame* and *failure*. His ambition pushed too far has germinated a selfish regard for self; he wants sympathy for those who have a right to all the education he has and try harder to get it; he has, in a manner, stifled his conscience; his immoderate ambition feels a contempt for those of inferior ability; he appears as a finished work of art through which runs a vein of hideous deformity. To have others to enter, who needed the competition and to whom it would have been a greater benefit, is nobler than all the honors he already holds. Thus he would have controlled his ambition by a high moral sentiment and adorned all his honors.

We offer these considerations to our fellow students. They are an attempt to set in a clear light, the rights of all. Honor men have no right to monopolize honors. They have no right to more than one prize of a distinct kind in the "LIT." It is time for a regulation to be instituted forbidding a second competition for an essay prize if in a previous competition one has been successful. In these matters there must be more show for others than brilliant honor men; more right, if we have less literary power; and more honor, if we have less ambition.

RECTUS.

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#### SABBATH SERVICES.

There has been of late a growing feeling of dissatisfaction among the students in regard to our chapel services on the Sabbath.

Some are of the opinion that morning prayers should be abolished; others favor prayers but prefer to dispense with the church services; still others object to neither of these

but think it would be preferable to have Dr. McCosh's lecture on some other day of the week ; and doubtless, there may be some who desire to have all the services postponed indefinitely. We do not intend to consider any one of these various opinions respecting our Sabbath exercises, but simply design to look into one or two of the immediate causes of this dissatisfaction and to suggest a remedy, if such it may be, for the discontent which is so apparent.

Probably one of the most patent causes of dislike, which exists in the minds of the students, for our chapel services, may be found in the fact that our duties are too arduous for the sacred day. We are compelled to work hard during six days of the week and when the Sabbath comes, we, like most brain workers, discover a latent feeling that it should be what its name signifies, a day of rest ; but when we are obliged to continue our work with nearly the same application which our secular duties require, there immediately arises a feeling akin to rebellion. What wonder, that after a solid doctrinal sermon which contains enough thought for a week's digestion, and, immediately following, Dr. McCosh's lecture as dessert ; what wonder is it, we say, that mental indigestion with all its attendant evils follows.

We hope the Faculty will consider this fact and, if their well-intended regulations are defective in this particular, let them without hesitation seek to change that rule which forces so much mental exertion upon the students during the Lord's day.

A second and more important cause of unrest among us is the uninteresting nature of the services on the Sabbath, especially the morning services. The sermons are too often of the nature of essays, admirably adapted for publication in a Quarterly or Review, but not suited for the sacred desk of a college chapel. That these sermons are not the kind their hearers desire is evidenced by the manner in which they are received, for if the students were receiving what

they are *longing* for, there doubtless would be less tendency to inattention and sleepiness. When a Hoge or a VanDyke preach the students do not "cut" or sleep, for the reason that these men are adepts, so to speak, in the art of preaching, and being such, they aim at the hearts of the students and not at their minds; they appeal to a man's Sensibilities and to his Will and not to his Intellect, which they know has been well cared for during the week.

The Professors who conduct these services are not to blame for the lack of interest which is manifested in them, for they perform to the best of their ability the duty which is placed upon them by their position in this institution. They have chosen teaching as their profession and, hence, they should not be expected to preach with the same animation and fluency as those who devote their whole lives and thoughts to the ministry, for it is not their business. As teachers they are most successful and are masters in their respective departments; but, when they step into the pulpit, they step out of their sphere and into a position for which the character of their daily occupations and the nature of their culture and education have rendered them unfit.

Whither, then, shall we look for the remedy?

The Professors have done their best and undoubtedly failed to make these services interesting and profitable. The students, although they sometimes receive good sermons under the present regime of affairs, yet they have poor ones for such steady diet that they expect nothing unusual and prepare themselves accordingly and, hence, it cannot be expected that they should be much benefitted by that against which they are already prejudiced.

Evidently our only course is to procure a Chaplain, if we wish to make the chapel services what they are intended to be,—a worship of God and a means of growth in grace in the hearts of the students.

A chaplain should be one eminently qualified by natural endowments, culture and attainments to fill the position with ability, and who could touch the hearts of the students and direct their affections toward Him who "turneth the hearts of men unto Him." That there are men capable of filling this position with credit to themselves and profit to us, none will deny; to be sure there will be difficulties in the way of obtaining such a man as the position and necessities of the case require, but if the need demands this innovation, certainly by some extra exertions on the part of those who have control of this matter, the desired result can be accomplished.

This article is intended as no bombastic attack upon an old and established custom among us, but as a means of throwing light upon the subject; and we hope at no very distant day to see this subject of a chaplain agitated seriously by the "powers that be."

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[PUBLISHED BY REQUEST.]

" — my true love of old,  
Thou art my life, and my goods and my gold,  
—— my riches, my good.  
Thou oh! my soul, my flesh and my blood.  
Then come the wild weather, come sleet or come snow  
We will stand by each other, however it blow;  
The love in our hearts shall grow mighty and strong  
Through crosses, through sorrows, through manifold wrong.  
Then come to me ——, my light and my sun,  
The threads of our two lives shall be woven in one.  
Some seek for dissension, and trouble, and strife—  
Like a dog and a cat lives such man and wife.  
Dear ——, let not such be our love  
Thou art my lambkin, my chick and my dove.  
Whate'er my desire is, in thine may be seen—  
*I'll be king of the household and thou shalt be queen.*"

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EDITORIAL.

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After the encomiums bestowed upon us by our predecessors, the editorial board of '74, with becoming modesty, assume the duties of their office without any formal bow.

It is needless to say we appreciate the trust committed to us by our classmates and shall endeavor to maintain the present high standard of the "LIT." We naturally feel somewhat embarrassed in succeeding so able a representation of Seniors, and trust our readers will cover all our mistakes with the mantle of charity, leaving our successors to discover wherein we have failed. While we would congratulate the retiring board on the advance made by the "LIT." under their skillful management, we think one of the departments—The Editorial—introduced as a needed improvement, is liable to be abused.

The Editors are not expected to write up the "LIT." Other duties press upon them. The editorials in the last two numbers have apparently excluded many contributions, and the magazine written by the editors, and perhaps one other individual ceases to be an exponent of the literary ability of Nassau Hall. If the students, as we are told, take little in the LIT, and the editors are obliged to "*spar-  
kle*" and "*glow*" in order to fill up, they are excusable.

Our aim shall be to give to contributors as much space as possible, and to make the LIT the Magazine, not of a select few, but of the whole college, and upon the college as a whole it relies for support.

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ARE OUR LITERARY SOCIETIES TO BE SECRET?

It is one of the offices of the LIT to point out needed reforms; and though it be unpleasant, the duty is none the less imperative. One of the hardest reforms is to reform

ourselves. Realizing this fact, we approach our subject in no censorious spirit. We feel the question is one of vital importance to the Halls. If they are to be secret, let them be so, not only in name, but in reality. If not, let them throw open their doors and abandon the mockery of a name. Whether they are best secret or not we do not propose to discuss in this article. But taking the Halls on their present basis, we would most earnestly urge on members the imperative duty of regarding the secrecy of the Hall to which they may belong. We are all aware that for some time past the veil of secrecy that has shrouded Hall proceedings has been miserably thin. Why is this? We are unwilling to think there are any deliberate disclosures, and are convinced that it arises from two causes.

First, and mainly, indiscreet mention of Hall affairs. This includes not only speaking of them in the presence of the unenlightened, but in places and under circumstances unseasonable in themselves. We should make this a matter of conscience.

Secondly, an unlawful desire, perhaps, to become acquainted with the workings of some sister society. This spirit is often manifested by a series of petty questionings, and begets a numerous brood of *inferences*. It cannot be too strongly condemned. If a member becomes possessed of that he believes to be a secret of the other Society, his sense of honor should forbid its repetition.

The Halls have recently endeavored to strengthen their treaty on this subject. But each must assume the work for himself. Treaties and laws are useless unless backed by a strong and upright public sentiment.

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PROGRESS.

That this is an age of progress, is an observation now become trite. But there are some sayings, which though

trite are none the less true, and worthy of contemplation. Although we have little time for any extended exercise of this faculty during Finals, if we limit ourselves to the consideration of this College, nothing is needed but the willing mind to instantaneously realize the truth of that stale old phrase. We need not go back to when British shot went crashing through these walls, and our entries resounded to the tramp of armed men;—to the time when it was consecrated by the sessions of a pure Congress, and the presence of a stainless Chief;—the Nassau Hall of to-day is very different from that of even twenty years ago. The Alumnus who hither turns his steps requires no proof of this; while we drink in the inspiration on every hand. The Observatory, Gymnasium, Reunion and Dickinson Halls, the Library and the Scientific School are enduring monuments of our advancement.

But it is not of these that we sit down to write, they are patent to all.

We have on our table No. I., Vol. XIII., of the "Nassau Literary," published in September, 1852, and when we compare it with the *LIT* of the present, we feel our Magazine has made even more rapid and sure progress than its foster mother. This back number contains sixteen leaves of mediocre matter, printed on inferior paper, and is best described by negation. It contains no prize essay; no poetry save one four-verse effusion; no editorial department; no "voice of the students;" no "olla podrida." Its exchanges were as follows: "We acknowledge the receipt of the 'Yale Literary,' the 'North Carolinian University,' the 'Randolf Macon,' the 'Georgia University Magazine,' and 'the Stylus.'" That the *Lit* then had much to contend with, is shown by the following extract from the Editors' Table.

"Another year has rolled away, and our class is called to take charge of the Nassau Literary. Those who were



not appointed to the editorship ought to congratulate themselves on their good luck ; for if they had the business in hand they would get heartily tired of it. *It requires a great deal of nursing to keep the old magazine in existence.* \* \* \*

When we blew our blast of asking subscriptions, some turned and ran away, while others locked their room doors with a rapidity which would have delighted Mr. Morse the telegraph man." And that local items were scarce by the following. "*There is nothing new of any importance around the College.* The iron railing just placed before the Professors's houses is beautiful, although some think that it is too heavy to correspond with that before the campus, and that the gates are too light for the fence itself. \* \*

\* \* \* Fruits of all kind are plenty this year."

We let the present issue of our Magazine speak for itself. It needs no encomiums from us. Though we feel it is far inferior to what it should be, and what it will be in the future, when we compare the little 16 leaved pamphlet of 21 years ago, we feel a pardonable pride, a pride not tainted with personal vanity, but an honest pride which should be felt in common by us all.

Though impressed with the responsibility, we took our seat in the editorial chair without misgiving. We felt the LIT had won a warm place in the hearts of our college mates, and were assured of their earnest support and co-operation. It is as it should be; to the student the college paper should come next his Bible. Each should realize that it is *his* magazine, the exponent of *his* college. And in the future, rallying round the "old magazine" still more unanimously, under the bright star of progress it will have a yet more prosperous course.

Another sign of progress is the manifest improvement in the moral tone of the college. Many persons "out in the world," not appreciating student life, consider a college a den of iniquity, and a student the personification of evil.

While we feel the injustice of this we must acknowledge that there have been occurrences which place us in an unfavorable light. We are judged by distorted pictures of our wrong doing, while what is good in our manner of life is awarded the charity of silence. Scavengers prefer offal. That our Chapel was desecrated is a fact but the whole moral sense of the college revolted at the dastardly deed, and expressed its disapprobation in telling terms. That some of the Tutors have had their rooms broken open and pilaged, their windows stoned, or furniture smashed is true; but the vast majority of the students now condemn these practices, and they are fast dying out.

Verdancy is ceasing to be a cloak for meanness. Hazing, that terror of Sub-Freshmen, is almost a thing of the past. The vigorous measures of our authorities, backed by a strong public sentiment has quite laid it out, and it will soon be ready for burial.

The last sad rites remain to be performed by '76.

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#### CHAPEL STAGE.

We are students in college in a time when college reforms are taking place, to an extent unparalleled; abuses are being forced down, evil customs uprooted and good ones planted in their places. Nowhere has this spirit of renovation been more needed, nor more successfully carried out than among us. Princeton is gallantly moving out of the net, in which she has rolled so long, and is beginning to take her rightful place. Indeed we do not think we should err much, should we ascribe to our Alma Mater the praise of leading in these reforms.

All changes for the better have been hailed with pleasure by our friends. We welcome none so gladly as this

in regard to our Chapel Stage speaking. The Faculty recognized the fact that it was exceedingly tiresome to remain in Chapel through all the speaking, that the students would only stay until each best speaker had finished his oration, and that by the time the last speaker of the division was announced, there would be comparatively few present. How was this to be remedied? It was decided to make all the divisions as nearly alike as possible, or, as our Professor of Belles Lettres happily remarked, "to make each division the best." For this purpose each one of the Junior Orators chose his division from the class. But this does not remedy the matter. Students will remain in Chapel, as formerly, until each good speaker has had his turn, and will then leave. Still we are pleased to notice this advance in the right direction, and hope it is but the precursor of something still better.

Princeton's proudest boast is in her statesmen and orators. They all acknowledge their college-training to have been the foundations of their subsequent greatness. It is our wish that Princeton may still be the fostering mother of the Madisons of our country. We, therefore, desire to see a livelier interest in regard to oratory awakened among us. Chapel Stage speaking should be one of the most interesting features of our college course, not subordinate to our J. O. and commencement exercises. The fact is there is no requirement more negligently attended to. What is the remedy which will cure this evil?

It requires no very deep thought to arrive at the conclusion that *emulation* is the great elevator of the standard of excellence in any one particular. It is emulation excites interest in our lads, on our J. O. stage, emulation, individual and in the aggregate. Let then this great invigorator do its work here. Let us have some plan arranged by which the Chapel Stage speeches shall become rewards of merit. We have compared this college exercise, with

those other public ones in the churches; we compare them again. Let them be the great public events in the life of the college student at Princeton.

Such a plan as the following might be devised. Let the whole Senior class be required to contend for this honor, either by handing in essays or in any other practicable way. Let fifty be selected according to the merits of the essay *then handed in*. From this number let twenty-five be chosen who have proven themselves the best speakers; now let them be separated into three divisions which shall deliver their speeches on as many different weeks, and Chapel Stage speaking will become one of our most interesting duties.

It may be said that this is impracticable because it overcomes the spirit of the intention in view when Chapel Stage speaking originated, viz., that every man in the class should be required to deliver an original oration, once, at least, in his college course. If this be the idea, let us have some contest in oratory, in order that we may obtain the best speakers. But whatever be done, let us get at something which shall raise the standard of oratory among us.

Another thing we are opposed to, and that is, this limiting one to a certain number of words in a speech. This restriction is needless as it is unjust. We agree that it would be exceedingly wearisome to sit in chapel, for two or three hours on Saturday morning; that it would be far from entertaining to listen to some classmate, bursting into a seeming rhapsody on "The Character of Aristotle's Philosophy," and endeavoring to interest us for twenty minutes. But neither of these unpleasant occurrences are likely to happen. There is no necessity for crowding so many speakers into so many divisions; we may commence two weeks earlier, and close two weeks later than the time now decided upon. Again, few would be willing to set themselves against the popular opinion on the length of speeches. It has been urged that the practice of condensation is highly beneficial;

we are willing to grant this, yet we are inclined to think that the custom of "cutting down," is rather more detrimental than otherwise. C.

Notwithstanding 'it is written, that a house divided against itself cannot stand, we feel called upon to emphatically dissent from the opinions of our worthy colleague in regard to our chapel stage exercises. There is the most wholesome sort of emulation manifested in them as they are now conducted. The prize striven for is the approbation and esteem of the audience before which the speakers appear. We propose no labored argument, but, believing the proposed change not only vicious in itself but eminently unjust to the great body of our students, rest the subject.

F.

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A STUMBLING BLOCK.

"Let us not therefore judge one another any more; but judge this rather, that no man put a *stumbling block* or an *occasion to fall* in his brother's way." Rom. 14, 13.

"Take up the stumbling block out of the way of my people." Isa. 57, 14.

We do not intend to sermonize. The meaning of these words of Inspiration is plain. On this beautiful Sabbath morning, this morning which ushers in a day of hallowed rest, they come to us as students with peculiar force. We, alas, find a stumbling block laid in our way on the very threshold of the spiritual temple.

No one can deny that examinations on *Monday* are a great occasion of falling to many of our students, and a sore temptation to all. There is no need to argue this fact.

The Faculty even admit it; but what remedy have they offered? None! True, Natural Theology has been assigned

to the Junior Class, but the Junior who *prepares* in Butler on the Sabbath compromises his conscience no less than the Sophomore and the Freshman who polls Greek. This is a crying evil.

Would that a voice might speak to our Faculty in trumpet tones.

"Take up this stumbling block out of the way of my people, saith the Lord."

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We regret that owing to our limited space much valuable matter has been crowded out.

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We call attention to our advertising department, and trust the students when about to make purchases, will patronize those who have been public-spirited enough to favor us.

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We call the attention of our fair friends in Vassar and Packer to the advertisement on the 11th page of the Advertiser. *Our girl* wears one.

## Olla-podrida.

FRIENDS, PATRONS AND SUBSCRIBERS:—Please to observe the climax in the invocation above. We don't believe we ever made use of a climax before, and we think the above a good one. We have a poor opinion of "Friends," those individuals who slap us on the "scapula" and bid us "go in, old boys, give us something good, and we will see what we can do for you." This class always remain true to their statement, they always *see* what they can do, and stop just there. We have some regard for our Patrons, that class who give us *their* opinion, as to the manner of carrying on the LIT., and sometimes favor us with a paper of current interest; but we prefer their money to their brains, because *we* think the LIT. has a superabundance of the latter, and is sadly deficient in the former commodity. This leads us to that noble class whom we adore, whose magnanimity exceeds all bounds, whose qualities we venerate. *our* "Subscribers."

Our pens refuse to drop ink "fast enough to praise them. Their actions speak trumpet tongued." Here we leave them and proceed to show why we have made this invocation.

I. We are in a quandary. Woe! to all unfortunates who may follow Jo. Adams and his chum in any joint undertaking in after life, such as editing a magazine or picking rags! They have swept Princeton dry, clean, of incidents and anecdotes. Mason and Dixon never worked harder, and became more confused than have we. Leonidas and his Lunatics could not have fought harder for the glory of Greece than we have contended for the honor of the LIT. We took a joint solemn oath that the next person who asked us when the LIT. was coming out should meet a doom sudden, and a death inglorious. We pumped every one for personals and anecdotes, but Jo. and Jim had been there and our task was fruitless.

II. We are in a dilemma. We must carry on the good work which the LIT. has begun. Give a workman tools and substance to work on and he can

construct something beautiful. Now we flatter ourselves that we are skillful workmen, our implements are all ready, but no material is to be found.

Yet we undertake our task not at all unwillingly. Our magazine is old in years; we venerate it. We consider it not a trifling honor to be chosen to carry on the good work. The task of sustaining the credit of the *LIT.* has passed over to us from a board of Editors, than whom our Magazine can boast none better. We may equal; we shall strive to out-do. Let us hope that '74's opening *LIT.* may be but a sweet foretaste of that "feast of reason and flow of soul," which may be expected from the abler minds who shall succeed us. "And now to business."

**PHILOSOPHY.**--On Wednesday, May 14th, at eleven o'clock, the Junior and Senior classes assembled in the Chapel to hear an address on Philosophy from Dr. Calderwood, of Edinburgh University. This gentleman is a man of distinction in his particular branch; he is the successor of Sir William Hamilton at Edinburgh. We all expected a treat, and were not disappointed. Quite a number were in attendance, more, in fact, than might have been expected, since Philosophy is not in very high repute among us. The learned Doctor confined his remarks to "Philosophy in Modern Europe." He is a fine lecturer, has a good command of language. We never remember hearing a more lucid lecture on Metaphysics. Every enigmatical point was rendered plain by some well selected simile; Philosophical hair-splitting was done away with. We should like to give our readers a synopsis of this truly excellent discourse; but we either feel unable to do it justice, or, not remembering it sufficiently, we fall back on the excuse of space and time ("void receptacles"). The classes dispersed well pleased, and--quietly.

The Rev. Dr. Eadie, the delegate with Dr. Calderwood to the General Assembly, addressed the members of the Philadelphian Society. Not a sermon, just a talk. The occasion was enjoyed by all present.

The class-day and Junior Orator invitations have made their appearance. In finish and beauty, they are unsurpassed. The class-day invitations reflect credit upon the class-day committee, with Mr. D. T. Marvel as chairman. In fact we have never seen finer invitations than these anywhere. In this, as in *almost* all other undertakings, '73 has the agreeable reflection of having been "equal to any, and second to none."

The class-day this year gives promise of being a glorious success. In their choice of orators, '73 has departed from the despicable practice of selecting only the most popular men to represent them, and the result shows the wisdom of the change. Electioneering, so far as we can learn, was done away with. Each man was elected on account of merit, and no better selection could have been made. Each orator seems to be fitted, peculiarly fitted, for the part he is to perform. We append the list:

J. H. Cowen, Oo., Class Orator.

J. B. Conover, N. J., Class Poet.



J. R. Adams, N. J., Memorial Orator.  
S. C. Wells, Cal., Presentation Orator.  
H. J. Vandyke, N. Y., Reception Orator.  
J. P. K. Bryan, S. C., Historian.

THE GYMNASIAC CONTEST.—Saturday, May 10th, opened up dark and gloomy, and "all admirers of Gymnastic sports" vented some *deep* remarks in regard to weather. The fourth annual contest for the Thomson prizes was to take place. Princeton was to be a busy day. The Yale nine were coming, and a *circus*. If this was not enough to warrant a jolly day, and a good time, "Breathes there a man with soul so dead." But the rain threatened to spoil all.

The contest was announced for three o'clock, and by half-past two the walks in front were lined by the crowd, anxious, impatient. The members of the press were allowed to enter by a side door, and we gratefully accepted the kindness, as there was danger of a crush. It is extremely odd that every one seems to be forgetful of the fact that their seats are reserved on the day of our exhibitions. Each one seems to be desirous of getting seated first, regardless of danger to life, limb and—dresses.

Our handsome Gymnasium was rendered doubly handsome by festoons and drapery about the columns and rafters. Directly over the seats which had been reserved for our generous rivals, the Yales, was a flag upon which was fastened the word "Yale," in monogram, a decoration which showed the taste and skill of "Shotty." Rhinehard's orchestra furnished the Music. The selections were well chosen, and the whole plan of the music was good. We rather liked the idea of having the band play while the performances were going on. Every one has noticed the painful silence which invariably ensues when any contestant is making an attempt at something which requires extra exertion and coolness. In this contest we had something to listen to, and the stillness was not so oppressive.

The following are the contestants :

J. C. Drayton, Pa.  
J. H. Dulles, Pa.  
E. F. Garrett, Pa.  
R. W. Hall, N. Y. \*  
H. H. Hewitt, Pa.  
R. L. Lawrence, N. J.

The following is the order of Exercises :—Indian Clubs came first on the roll, Mr. Dulles taking the heavy, Messrs. Hall and Drayton the light clubs. Mr. Drayton deserves especial mention in his department for the grace and ease with which he went through his part. In the gymnasium, club swinging seems to be his *forte*. He is certainly unexcelled. Though on this occasion we think he scarcely did himself justice.

II. Parallel Bars. Messrs. Hewitt and Garrett deserve special mention on this point, the former gentleman surpassing anything we have ever seen in bar-walking and balancing. Each time he came upon the floor he was loudly applauded.

It is needless to go through the whole contest. It was the best we have ever witnessed in Princeton. None of the performances were prolonged until the audience was tired and the contestants worn out by senseless repetition. Exercises on the Rings, Horizontal Bar, in Tumbling and Posturing, were gone through with quickly and creditably. The Trapeze performance was the feature of the afternoon's exhibition. Mr. Hall's performance on the "single trapeze" was excellent and was well applauded; but the house reserved the full force of their lungs for the "double trapeze" act by Messrs. Dulles and Hewitt. All the students had seen them practice, but their interest had not abated. On the contrary, expectation had increased, and each one was desirous of seeing them surpass their former excellent endeavors. Certainly no one was disappointed; we have never seen any trapeze act more gracefully and beautifully done. Every movement was in concert. There was a dead hush until they touched the floor, when

"At once there rose so wild a yell,"

and the excitement was such as we have never seen in Princeton; yes—*once*, after we received the telegram from the "varsity nine." The Judges left the scene of friendly strife for a short time and after a remarkably quick decision, considering the closeness of the contest, returned. As Mr. Goldie walked to the end of the room, the clatter ceased. Our venerable President arose and announced that the Judges had awarded the prizes as follows:

General excellence, Mr. J. H. Dulles, Pa.

Heavy-weight prize, Mr. R. W. Hall, N. Y.

Light gymnastics, Mr. H. H. Hewitt, Pa.

Mrs. Thomson, our patroness of Athletic sports, then presented the prizes to the successful contestants. After cheers for *every one*, including the Yales, the contest was over. A promenade concert in the evening, given by Mrs. Thomson, closed the day. Quite a number of visitors were in town, and our Campus looked gay and lively.

The following are the names of the Judges:

Mr. Theo. Guerra, Berlin Gymnasium.

Mr. Wm. Wood, Y. M. C. A. " N. Y.

Mr. W. G. Marshall, " " "

JUNIOR ORATOR CONTEST.—We have elsewhere spoken of Class-Day and it is but just that our J. O.'s should have a passing notice. Indeed they deserve more than a passing notice. We desire the Junior Orators to understand that we expect a great deal from them. And we have such a high opinion of their several and aggregate merits, that we believe we can not expect more than they are qualified to give us.

Never, in our opinion, have those who patronize this contest, had reason to look forward to it with more pleasure. No doubt, a better speaker has appeared than some on our present stage. We would not have to go back very far in the history of the college to find such an one; but we do not think that *eight* better speakers can be named, than those who are to favor us on the night of the 24th of June. We know, because we have measured weapons with four of them, and expect to have the honor of running several more tilts with the *aforesaid* four, in which tournament of genius (be it understood that we consider *ourselves* a man of genius) we *hope* to be more successful.

In conclusion, let it be understood that our colleague, who *is* a J. O., did not write this; *perhaps* he *might* endorse the sentiment, we won't speak positively.

BOATING.—Since the successful tour of the college nine, the interest in boating seems to be on the wane. We are glad and sorry to see this; glad because we believe that Princeton's muscle is more successfully exercised on land, than on water; sorry, because a judicious exercise with the oar may enable us to extend our conquest on *terra firma*.

'74's crew still wend their way to the canal, though less frequently than formerly. The latter remark is only an inference, drawn from the fact that we have not lately heard "Mose," "Lyman," and "Buck," raising their melodious voices in concert to apprise "Jaky," that he "had better be on hand in the morning," coupled with a mild request to wake them at five o'clock. We would give a detailed account of the merits of each member belonging to this really fine crew; but we understand they are going to Springfield, and their friends desire to make some money; which pet project might be undermined did we extol them as they deserve.

OUR TUTORS.—It is with extreme regret, that we hear of the resignation of all our tutors. Some of the positions will be hard to fill, with men as competent as those who are about to leave us. We will miss them on the campus, where their quiet and gentlemanly bearing commanded respect; they will be missed in their recitation rooms, where they gave us of their abundance. We wish them God-speed. May their success away from us, be even greater than it was among us. The blessings and best wishes of the institution, which they have honored by their characters, and enriched by their learning, will follow them. Their honor is her honor, their success, her success.

It has been formally announced to us that Mr. Hunt of the class of '67 has been elected to fill the vacancy in the tutorship of Belles-Letters; and we have heard it rumored that Mr. L. R. Smith, of the class of '72 has been asked to take a tutorship, in some one of the departments. We believe it to be the earnest wish of the students and friends of the College, that these gentlemen would accept. Both are known to many of us, if not personally, at least, by reputation. It will seem rather odd to us, who are friends of Mr.

Smith, to welcome back as a tutor, him, whom we have always greeted as a collegian. We have been thinking of a suitable manner of salutation. neither too dignified, for he is a friend, nor too free, for he is a tutor, and we are bound to confess we are a little "mixed up." We do not doubt that Rich. (he is not here yet) will carry out the arduous role of his new position, as well as he fulfilled the scarcely less difficult task of a student; and we do not fear to predict that he will perform his duties in a manner highly creditable to himself and friends, and agreeable to all.

BASE BALL.—Again the base ball fever is at its height. Championship matches are being played with a spirit which augurs well for our future success with the bat and ball.

At the close of the season, last year, the lack of interest in our national game was apparent to every one among us. But we rejoice to see the new life infused into the players. The College men are regular in their practice, and have exceeded all our fondest hopes. From a nine, comparatively poor, they have developed into as strong an Amateur club as any in the country. "Honor to whom honor is due." We give unlimited praise to Mr. Pell, our captain. If anything is owed to the exertions of an individual, it is owed to this gentleman. Under his skillful management the nine have become what they now are. We only regret that we are so soon to lose him and the benefit of his excellent training.

The season opened up well for us. Our first match was with the Chelseas of Brooklyn. The game at the beginning promised to be good. But it was evident before a great while that the Brooklynites were very much over matched. They failed to score a run after the first inning. The nine all played their positions admirably. The following is the score:

PRINCETON.					CHELSEAS.				
	R.	H.	L.	B.		R.	H.	L.	B.
Pell,	P.,	0	6	0	McCormack,	P.,	1	3	0
Ernst,	1 B.,	3	2	0	West,	2 B.,	0	4	0
VanDeventer,	L. F.,	3	1	1	Metcalf,	S. S.,	0	4	0
Williamson,	3 B.,	2	2	1	Peterson,	3 B.,	0	4	0
Paton,	C. F.,	1	1	3	Cassiday,	C. F.,	0	2	1
Davis,	C.,	0	4	1	Howrigan,	L. F.,	0	3	0
Beach,	S. S.,	0	5	0	Ducharm,	1 B.,	0	3	0
Frederick,	2 B.,	1	3	1	Gordan,	C.,	0	2	1
McGough,	R. F.,	2	3	0	Gaul,	R. F.,	0	2	1
		12	27	7			1	27	3
Innings,					1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.				
Princeton,					2 4 4 0 0 1 1 0 0.—12.				
Chelseas,					1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0.—1.				

Umpire—Mr. Geo. Mann, of '72.

Scorers—Mr. Kay, for Chelseas, Thos. W. Harvey, '75.

This served to insure our respect for that nine, of which we had thought and spoken so slightly. We began to think about them and respect them more. But on the next Saturday, Yale very unpleasantly put a damper on our expectations, by a most disastrous defeat, the worst on our records. Several years ago a visit was paid to us by the students of our sister institution; a return game was played at Yale, and since that time no matches have been arranged between the two colleges. This year it was determined that if possible the nines should be brought together for a tug. Letters passed between our secretaries, negotiations were made, and it was at length formally announced to us that we might expect the Yale boys on May 16th. "The Yales are coming" was the only thing could be heard for a while on our campus, and then sundry and frequent discussions as to the probable result of the game, and the respective merits of the two nines. College prejudice however always won in the argument, and any dissenting voice was quickly silenced.

Saturday dawned dark and gloomy. Lovers of the pastime might be seen wandering disconsolately about the campus, sad at heart. About mail time some foolish young man suggested that we might learn something concerning the weather from the weather-report. In consequence of this remark we did not get our mail until about an hour and a half after the specified time for distribution. The weather report said it wouldn't rain. It didn't. The 11:30 train brought the Yales to us. 12 o'clock, saw both nines on the grounds. 12:15, and both nines were in position, Princeton in the field.

Maxwell led off, with a foul fly, which Davis took on the bound, making a beautiful running catch. Avery batted one to Pell, and was put on first, Bently batted to Williamson, and was put out, *of course*.

On our side Pell succeeded in scoring, Mann and Williamson were left on bases. Princeton 1, Yale nothing.

In the second inning, Yale scored one run, and blanked us neatly. Again, on the fourth inning, Yale scored one run, while Princeton failed to come to the mark until the 7th inning, when Beach, by plucky base-stealing, brought in another run.

This would have placed us tie, and our hopes would have been wonderfully elevated, but for one unlucky, though scarcely *unforeseen*, circumstance; this was that on the seventh inning our opponents, by safe batting, scored four runs, which a *little* more than balanced our *one*. From this point the game ceased to be exciting. It was virtually lost and nothing remained to do, but to "cuss."

On the eighth Yale scored three runs, and again blanked us. On the ninth inning, both nines yielded up the bat, rather more quickly than they had intended. The following is the score:

## PRINCETON.

	R.	H.	L.	I.	B.
Pell,	P.,	1	3	1	
Ernst,	1 B.,	0	3	2	
Mann,	3 B.,	0	3	1	
Williamson,	L. F.,	0	2	2	
Caton,	C. F.,	0	3	1	
Davis,	C.,	0	4	0	
Beach,	S. S.,	1	2	0	
Fredericks,	2 B.,	0	3	0	
McGough,	R. F.,	0	4	0	
		2	27	7	

## YALE.

	R.	H.	L.	I.	B.
Maxwell,	2 B.,	2	4	0	
Avery,	L. F.,	1	2	2	
Bently,	C.,	0	4	1	
Scudder,	1 B.,	2	2	1	
Mitchell,	R. F.,	1	4	0	
Nevin,	P.,	1	1	4	
Wright,	S. S.,	0	2	3	
Foster,	3 B.,	1	4	0	
Hotchkiss,	C. F.,	1	4	0	
		9	27	11	

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.

Princeton, 1 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0.—2.

Yale, 0 1 0 1 0 0 4 3 0.—9.

Umpire—Mr. Barnes, of '73, Yale.

Scorers—John C. Goddard, Yale '73, Thos. H. Harvey, Princeton '75.

It was exceedingly unfortunate the nine were obliged to play this game with two substitutes; Bruyere and Lawrence both being unable to play. It was feared that a third substitute would have to be found to take the place of Beach, who had been seriously hurt some time before; but at twelve o'clock the gentleman appeared on the grounds wearing his uniform, and although very weak, played throughout the entire game with his usual excellence. We have to notice a beautiful fly catch by Mann, taken with his left hand, also the playing of Ernst at first. Davis evinced a wonderful improvement in his playing, all owing to his steady, persevering practice.

Immediately after the game the nines repaired to the hotel where dinner had been prepared for them. After partaking freely of the good things at the Nassau, they went immediately to the Gymnasium. Three cheers and a rocket as the 4:30 train was moving off announced their departure, and Yale's visit to Princeton was over.

Our blood was now up. Another challenge was sent, and arrangements were made to play at New Haven on the 21st. The Faculty gave permission to the nine to go, and they started on Tuesday accompanied by our best wishes for their success. After a pleasant trip, they arrived at Yale at 11:30, and were accompanied to their Hotel by Mr. Bushnell the gentlemanly secretary of the Yale B. B. C. Not being present, we are obliged to rely for information on the graphic description of the game which is given by Mr. Thos. W. Harvey, in a letter to the *Princeton Press*. The following account of the game is mainly in his own words.

First inning.—Game called, with Princeton to the bat. Pell led off with a shoulder ball between second and short, and earned his second. Ernst batted a high fly to center, which was taken by Wright. Bruyere tipped a ball, which Bently muffed, and in so doing split his finger in such a manner

as to disable him. Hotchkiss went in to catch, and Nevin and Avery changed positions. Bruyere hit to pitcher, and was put out at first. Williamson batted to center, bringing Pell in, Paton followed suit, and sent Williamson to second. Williamson took third, Paton second on a passed ball. Davis batted a swift liner to Avery who dropped it and gave "Cow" his base. On an overthrow to second by the catcher, Williamson and Paton came in; Davis took his second, where he was left by Fredericks, who batted to second and was put out on first. Three runs, one earned.

Yale.—Maxwell batted a good ball between short and second and earned his first. Avery batted a grounder to right-field which Fredericks, contrary to his usual style, fumbled, giving Maxwell third and Avery second. Hotchkiss knocked a liner to Lawrence, who disposed of it in his usual brilliant style. On an over pitch by Pell, Maxwell came in and Avery took his second. Scudder to third, scratched his base and brought Avery in. Mitchell fly to Beach. Nevin fly to Paton. Scudder left on first. Two runs, none earned. Score three to two, in favor of Princeton.

Second inning. Princeton.—Beach sent a liner to Scudder, who muffed it; a passed ball gave Beach his third, another brought him home. Lawrence out on a foul fly. Pell batted to third, barely made his first and was put out trying to steal his second. Ernst, a fly to Avery. One run, none earned.

Yale.—Wright batted to Lawrence, out at first. Barnes put a liner, between short and third. Foster a liner to left, and reached his third. Maxwell batted to Beach, who threw too low, and gave Maxwell his base. Barnes came in. Avery out on a high fly to Beach. Hotchkiss put a straight one to left, Foster and Maxwell came in. Scudder, out on a fly to Bruyere. Three runs, none earned.

The Third inning resulted in a blank for each side. Bruyere and Wright both made their bases, but were left on second.

The Fourth inning also resulted in "white-wash," for both parties. On our side, Fredericks out on a fly to Mitchell. Beach batted to short, and made his base, but was put out trying to steal his second. Lawrence out on first, by a ball to second.

On the Yale side Foster opened up the inning well, by a pretty bat past third. Maxwell put one to Beach, Foster out on second. Avery out on a fly to Beach, Maxwell, in the meantime, stealing to second. Hotchkiss, to second, out on first. Score five to four in favor of Yale, and both nines working hard.

Fifth inning. Pell batted to centre, earned his first, and stole to second where he was left, Ernst striking out, Bruyere and Williamson each out by flys to Maxwell.

Yale.—Scudder batted to third, the ball was thrown in "Bru's" usual good style, but, strange to say, Ernst dropped it. Mitchell earned first, Scudder took second. Nevin batted to Beach, who, desiring to vary the

monotony of the game raced Scudder to third, Bruyere standing aside, gazing with speechless admiration. Wright batted to Beach; the ball was thrown to second, Nevin out; a bad throw Wright his first, Scudder came in. Barnes out on a fly to Lawrence. Maxwell in on a passed ball. Foster out, by a fly to Williamson. Two runs, none earned. Score seven to four, for Yale.

The sixth inning was a blank on both sides, Paton foul out. Davis and Fredericks out on first.

Yale.—Maxwell fly to Beach. Avery fly to Pell. Hotchkiss, by a good hit to right, earned his base but was caught by Pell and Ernst.

Seventh inning.—Beach took his base on a ball past third. Lawrence by a grounder to center. Pell foul out. Beach stole third and came home on a passed ball. Bruyere bat a hard ball between third and short. Lawrence came in. Williamson fly to Maxwell. Two runs, one earned.

Yale.—Scudder fly to Lawrence. Mitchell to Bruyere out on first. Nevin and Wright, batted to Beach and Bruyere, both balls were fumbled, and both the Yale men took bases. Barnes went out by a fly to Beach. No runs. Score six to seven, for Yale, and both nines tugging hard.

Eighth inning.—Here commenced the really interesting part of the game. It was a hard matter to decide who would win. Yale was ahead but Princeton was evidently becoming used to Avery. Paton batted to third and secured his base. Davis hit beautifully to left, winning his base, and sending Paton to third. Davis took second by a passed ball. Fredericks batted to short, and Davis went out on third, Paton came in. Beach batted to third, and made his base by the slowness of the third baseman. Lawrence foul out. On a passed ball Fredericks took third, and Beach second. Pell hit a hard liner to left field which brought in both Fredericks and Beach. The ball was thrown home, which enabled Pell to steal second by close scratching. Ernst batted a high ball to center which brought Pell in. Bruyere to third out on first. Four runs, none earned.

Yale.—Foster took his first on balls. Maxwell foul fly to Bruyere. Avery batted to Beach, and Foster went out on second. Avery stole second and third. Hotchkiss batted to Beach, the ball was thrown too low, the base was made, and Avery came in. Scudder foul fly to Bruyere. One run, none earned. Score ten to eight in favor of Princeton.

At this period the excitement became very great; with defeat staring them in the face if they failed to count, our boys went to the bat, and—failed to count. Bruyere went out on first, Williamson on a foul, and Paton by a high fly to right field.

It was now Yale's turn to do their duty. Two runs would tie, and three would beat us. The students assembled on the grounds did their best to rouse the energies of their representatives, while our boys went quietly to work determined to beat, if in their power so to do. Mitchell was first to the bat, he carefully waited until he had a ball which suited him, and away it went to third; in attempting to stop it Bruyere fell, and Mitchell took his base



amid enthusiastic cheering. Nevin went out on a high fly to Pell. Mitchell stole second. Wright to the bat, again the ball went spinning to third base, and again, strange to say, Bruyere fumbled it. Barnes sent one to Lawrence who followed Bru's example. Our boys were wonderfully excited and nervous, which may account for some of these bad plays. There were now three men on bases and only one man out, with but three runs to beat us. From the display on our grounds sometimes, we may form an idea of the interest manifested in the game at this point. Foster batted to Beach and went out on first, and Mitchell came in. Only one run ahead, and still two men on the bases. Maxwell stepped up to the home-plate; he evidently meant that something should be done. But, alas for our good intentions! He sent a ball to short right field, which looked very much as though it would drop safe; Lawrence started for it nobly; it was hard to determine whether or not he would reach it; but just as the winning run crossed the home-plate the ball settled itself in Bobby's fingers, and the game was won. We append the score:

PRINCETON.					YALE.				
	R.	H.	L.	B.		R.	H.	L.	B.
Pell,	P.,	2	2	1	Maxwell,	2 B.,	2	3	1
Ernst,	1 B.,	0	5	0	Avery,	P.,	2	3	0
Bruyere,	3 B.,	0	3	5	Hotchkiss,	C.,	0	3	2
Williamson,	L. F.,	1	4	0	Scudder,	1 B.,	1	3	1
Paton,	C. F.,	2	3	0	Mitchell,	S. S.,	2	3	0
Davis,	C.,	0	3	1	Nevin,	L. F.,	0	4	1
Fredericks,	R. F.,	1	3	0	Wright,	C. F.,	0	1	4
Beach,	S. S.,	3	1	0	Barnes,	R. F.,	1	3	1
Lawrence,	2 B.,	1	3	0	Foster,	3 B.,	1	4	0
		10	27	7			9	27	10
Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.									
Princeton, 3 1 0 0 0 0 2 4 0.—10.									
Yale, 2 3 0 0 2 0 0 1 1.—9.									

Umpire—Mr. Flagg, of '73 Yale.

Scorers—John C. Goddard, of '73 Yale, Thos. W. Harvey, of Princeton.

Time of game two hours.

In summing up the account of the game Mr. Harvey says, "We cannot speak too highly of the manner in which the club was treated, during their visit, by all whom they met. Good plays on either side were applauded without partizanship, and umpiring was fair, though not very strict. Considering all things, the boys think Yale the best college in the country,—next to Princeton."

Nothing gives us more pleasure than to see this growing feeling of goodwill among our different colleges. We thank the *Yale Record*, on behalf of the College, for their complimentary testimony to our gentlemanly conduct on the ball-field. Certainly, from the report of our nine they have no reason

to complain of the action of their students. In the name of our college and her nine, we thank Yale for the courteous and gentlemanly reception extended towards our representatives, and we hope soon to be able to extend our greeting, and show our appreciation, in a more acceptable manner, at the Nassau.

It is a little unfortunate that on these games, either one or the other of the nines has been disabled. Another time, we trust, they will both be out in their full strength.

#### PRINCETON VS. HARVARD.

As we can give no better account, we append Mr. Harvey's letter entire.

BOSTON, May 22d, 1873.

The nine arrived here at 11:45 last evening and were met by Mr. Hodges of the Harvard nine who conducted them to their hotel. Their first view of the "Hub" was rather dismal, and all hope of the game for next day was given up. But this morning, although very cloudy was not stormy, and about noon the boys wended their way to Cambridge, and found Jarvis field, as well as they were able. The game was called at three P. M. The fielding was very brilliant. On the Princeton's the errors were. Bruyere 3, Fredericks 1, Ernst 1. On the Harvard's Annan 1, White 4, Hooper 1, Hodges 1, Kent 1, Perry 2. The following is a synopsis of the innings.

First inning.—Princeton first to the bat. Pell lead off with a beautiful hit to center, which gained him his first. Ernst batted to Annan who, fumbling the ball, gave Ernst first and Pell second. Beach reached his first but was put out running between first and second. Bruyere struck out, Williamson batted to Hooper, out on first. No runs.

Harvard.—Eustis took his first on called balls. Hodges batted to Beach who fielding the ball to second caught Eustis, but Lawrence was too slow, and Hodges got his base. Cutter batted to Bruyere, the ball went to second lively, and Hodges went out. White fly to Lawrence. No runs.

Second inning. Princeton.—Paton foul fly to White. Davis earned his first and took second and third on a passed ball. Fredericks scratched first and stole second. Another passed ball brought Davis in. Fredericks on third. Beach foul bound to White. Lawrence earned his base by a fly back of first base, and Fredericks came in. Pell batted to Hooper, who overthrew to second. Ernst foul fly to Barker. Two runs, none earned.

Harvard.—Hooper foul fly to Davis. Annan sent a grounder to Bruyere, who fumbled it and gave him his first. Estabrook batted to Beach, and went out at first. Ernst muffed a fly of Barker's, and gave him his first. Kent out on a fly to Williamson. No runs.

Third inning. Princeton.—Bruyere hit to Hooper, out on first. Williamson out on a foul fly to White. Paton out on a fly to Estabrook. No runs.

Harvard.—Eustis sent a splendid liner to right field, Fredericks let it pass him, and Eustis took third base. Hodges and Cutter were soon disposed of,

one by a foul fly to Bruyere, who threw wide to first. In stealing his second White ran outside the line, thereby evading the ball, the Umpire could not see him, and declared "not out." Eustis came in, just in time, for Hooper went out on fly to Paton. One run, not earned. Score two to one.

Fourth inning. Princeton.—Davis went out on a foul fly to White. Fredericks batted to Hooper, out on first. Beach sent a fly to Hodges, and went out.

Harvard.—Annan batted to Pell, out on first, Estdbrook by foul fly to Bruyere. Barker batted to Beach and went out on first, after having a life given him by Bruyere, on a foul fly muffed.

Fifth inning. Princeton.—Lawrence batted to Hodges, out on first. Pell to Annan out on first. Ernst foul fly to Kent. No runs.

Harvard.—Kent batted to Bruyere, out on first. Eustis fly to Paton. Hodges fly to Davis. No runs.

Sixth inning. Princeton.—Bruyere to Annan, out on first. Williamson foul fly White. Paton fly to Eustis. No runs.

Harvard.—Cutter out on a foul bound to Davis. White followed his example. Hooper sent a ball to right-field, which Fredericks captured. No runs.

Seventh inning.—Davis batted to Annan, out on first. Fredericks to Hooper, out on first. Beach to Hodges, out on first. No runs.

Harvard.—Annan out on fly to Pell. Estabrook on foul bound to Davis. Barker butted a liner, swift and high, just over Pell's head, it was beautifully stopped, and the striker went out on first. No runs.

Eighth inning.—Lawrence batted to second, out at first. Pell batted a ground ball to second, and by that baseman's error, made his first. Ernst batted to short stop and went out on first, Pell having stolen second. A poor throw to third brought Pell in. Bruyere hit a hard ball safe past first base. Williamson tipped a foul into the catcher's eye which necessitated a change, Perry of '76 came on the nine. "Buck" sent a hot ball skipping to second, which was beautifully picked up and thrown well, "Striker out on first." One run, not earned.

Harvard.—Kent batted to Pell and was out on first, of course. Eustis fly to Paton. Hodges made a safe hit over short stop, but was left on first base, by Cutter going out on the fly to third. No runs.

Ninth inning. Princeton.—The excitement, as we may imagine, was now great. Paton was first to the bat. He took his first by a fly to third and short, which was fumbled over. Davis went out on a fly to left. Fredericks batted to short, and was settled on first. Paton was put out running to third. No runs.

Harvard.—Perry fouled out. Hooper sent a fly to center field, which "Pate" disposed of, in his usual manner. Annan batted to right, out of Fredericks' reach, and took his first amid great applause. Estabrook stepped to the home-plate. The bat circled round, a sharp crack, and the

ball rose in the air back of home base. "Cow" tossed off his hat, rubbed his hands, gave two or three preliminary twists of his body, shrugged his shoulders, and waited for it. "Striker out on a foul fly," shouted the Umpire, and the game was over.

## PRINCETON.

	R.	H.	L.	E.
Pell,	P.	1	1	2
Ernst,	1 B.	0	4	0
Bruyere,	3 B.	0	3	1
Williamson,	L. F.	0	4	0
Paton,	C. F.	0	3	0
Davis,	C.	1	3	0
Fredericks,	R. F.	1	3	0
Beach,	S. S.	0	4	0
Lawrence,	2 B.	0	2	1
		3	27	4

## HARVARD.

	R.	H.	L.	E.
Eustis,	R. F.	1	3	0
Hodges,	2 B.	0	3	1
Cutter,	L. F.	0	3	1
White,	C.	0	3	1
Hooper,	P.	0	4	0
Annan,	S. S.	0	2	2
Estabrook,	C. F.	0	4	0
Darker,	3 B.	0	2	1
Kent,	1 B.	0	3	0
		1	27	6

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.

Princeton, 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 1 0.—3.

Harvard, 0 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0.—1.

Runs earned, Princeton none, Harvard none.

Umpire—Ross Barnes, Boston B. B. C.

Time of game one hour and thirty-five minutes.

Scorer—Thos. W. Harvey, Princeton.

This is undoubtedly the finest amateur game on record, and served more than any game, except, probably, that with Resolutes, to win our reputation. All our boys played well. Davis deserves special mention, having had but one passed ball on the tour. Ernst, Williamson, Beach and Lawrence played their positions well.

But our great game, for this season, was played on May 24th, the Saturday after the nine's successful tour, with the Resolutes of Elizabeth. We regret exceedingly that we could not take notes on this really fine game and present the synopsis of the innings. Our boys were a little stiff when they came on the field, and almost before they knew it the Resolutes had scored two runs. They seemed suddenly to remember that they had a reputation to sustain and went to work. The consequence was the Elizabethans failed to score another run. Our boys were white-washed on the first four innings. On the fifth they evidently got the "hang" of Campbell's pitching, and by making several beautiful bats succeeded in scoring three, thereby taking the lead. This advantage was still further increased in the sixth inning by Williamson scoring, making the game two to four, in our favor.

On the seventh inning the Resolutes evidently began to be frightened; they found themselves unable to make a base, and resorted to "blocking" the ball, but the game wouldn't work, the boys were always on hand, and their labor was fruitless. On the eighth inning Williamson and Paton each

scored, and the score stood six to two. Whitewashes on the ninth inning, for each nine, gave us the game with this score.

## PRINCETON.

## RESOLUTE.

	R.	H.	L.	L.	B.		R.	H.	L.	L.	B.
Pell,	P.,	1	4	0		D. Allison,	C.,	1	3	1	
Ernst,	1 B.,	0	4	1		Farrow,	R. F.,	1	2	1	
Bruyere,	3 B.,	0	3	2		H. Austin,	C. F.,	0	3	1	
Williamson,	L. F.,	2	3	0		H. Campbell,	P.,	0	3	1	
Paton,	C. F.,	1	3	1		A. Allison,	L. F.,	0	4	1	
Davis,	C.,	1	1	3		Clinton,	3 B.,	0	3	1	
Fredericks,	R. F.,	1	2	1		Laughlin,	2 B.,	0	4	0	
Beach,	S. S.,	0	3	1		Fleet,	S. S.,	0	2	2	
Lawrence,	2 B.,	0	4	0		M. Campbell,	1 B.,	0	3	1	
		6	27	9				2	27	9	

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.

Princeton, 0 0 0 0 3 1 0 2 0.—6.

Resolute, 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0.—2.

Umpire—A. Van Rensselaer, '71.

Scorers—Pecket, '74, Greene, '76.

Time of game one hour and thirty-five minutes.

In the second inning Williamson took a beautiful running fly. The throwing of Bruyere and Beach is especially to be commended. In the third inning Beach and Ernst made a fine "double play," which was loudly and deservedly applauded.

In commenting on this game, the papers throughout the country speak of our nine in terms of great praise, applauding the individual players and the nine as a whole. Several years ago our nine defeated the Atlantics, and again a professional nine has been badly beaten here.

LAFAYETTE VS. PRINCETON. — On Saturday, June 7th, we received a visit from the students of Lafayette College, Pennsylvania. Game was called at 2 P. M., and opened up rather disastrously for us. The examinations were evidently rather weakening on the Seniors of the nine, and the Juniors were rusty in consequence of not practising. We scored one run in the first inning, and allowed our opponents to score six runs, before a hand was out, by a series of bad-plays unprecedented in the history of *this* nine. They, however, failed to keep that advantage. We scored three in the second, and blanked the Lafayettes; three in the third and gave them two. In the fourth and fifth innings they brought one and two, while we scored one and three, tying the game on the fifth. After that it was easy work for the College nine. By a succession of good hits, and a display of their usual fielding the game was closed at the ninth with twenty-six runs for us, and eleven for our opponents. The nine played a very good up-hill game. But the falling off in playing, was evident, probably, on account of their not practising. The Easterners left in the evening, no doubt well satisfied with the result of the

game, since they had heard from the Philadelphians the pleasing encouragement that they wouldn't get a run. So much for our outside reputation.

## PRINCETON.

		R.	H.	L.	I.	B.
Pell,	P.,	3	3	1		
Ernst,	1 B.,	3	3	1		
Bruyere,	3 B.,	1	5	1		
Williamson,	L. F.,	0	6	1		
Paton,	C. F.,	5	1	1		
Davis,	C.,	3	3	1		
Fredericks,	R. F.,	4	2	0		
Beach,	S. S.,	5	1	0		
Lawrence,	3 B.,	2	3	1		

26 27 7

## LAFAYETTE.

		R.	H.	L.	I.	B.
Bauseman,	1 B.,	1	3	1		
Bayliss,	R. F.,	1	4	0		
Armijo,	2 B.,	1	3	1		
Billmeyer,	S. S.,	2	2	1		
Croode,	L. F.,	1	3	1		
Nourse,	P.,	1	4	0		
Supplee,	C. F.,	2	3	0		
McComb,	3 B.,	2	2	0		
Galbraith,	C.,	0	3	1		

11 27 5

Innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9.

Princeton, 1 3 3 1 3 3 3 4 5.—26.

Lafayette, 6 0 2 1 2 0 0 0 0.—11.

Umpire—John A. Wilson, '73.

Time of game two hours and fifteen minutes.

It has been announced that the Athletics will be here to play on next Thursday. If the report is true a good game may be expected.

The championship has not yet been decided. The deciding games will probably be played after the Lit. has come out; we leave the matter with our successors.

LAWRENCEVILLE VS. '76.—The Freshmen played a game with the Lawrenceville School nine resulting in favor of Princeton, score 16 to 17. The score is not by us, or we would give some account of the game. The Freshmen have a good nine, and we would be pleased to see them go to Springfield, confident that they would do well.

With this we leave the base ball account. If it please our readers we have been amply repaid for numerous aches in our editorial back.

THE SCIENTIFIC SCHOOL.—This building is going up quite rapidly and promises to be one of our most imposing structures. Should they continue to build during the vacation in as rapid a manner as they have during the year, the promise of the Architect may be fulfilled, that promise that he would have it ready for occupation by September. We hail this new branch of education as another wheel out of the old rut. "Old Princeton" has been our pride and boast, but "New Princeton" claims more homage from the votaries of liberal culture. "Old Princeton" was the Alma Mater of our Madison, and the statesmen who do honor to her name; coupled with "New Princeton" let us have the names of such as Henry, in addition. We hope to see our College the fostering mother of the distinguished scientists of our land, of the distinguished statesmen.

We learn that arrangements have been made to establish a preparatory school in connection with the college. There is great need in Princeton of such an institution, and especially now when there is every prospect of our college becoming a University. Let us have a school to train young men for every branch of our curriculum, a school to rank with Phillips Academy, and others of as high standing in our country.

DR. SCHENCK.—At the request of the Nassau Hall Bible Society, this learned and eloquent divine, pastor of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, delivered an address to the students in the Chapel on Monday evening, May 5th. On account of an accident to the train and consequent delay, the audience was kept waiting nearly an hour for the speaker. Notwithstanding this drawback, a goodly number were in attendance, and were rewarded by a stirring address on "The Use of the Bible to the College Student." His remarks were pertinent and forcible. We only regret that we don't have something of the kind oftener. We understood that the gentleman was a graduate of this college, and consequently listened to him more intently. We are pleased to hear from our old graduates, we feel as though they are still of us, and can better appreciate our motives, better sympathize with our vexations and disappointments, certainly they always give us more encouragement and better advice, than—"forbear, rash youth, forbear."

The Nassau Hall Bible Society held its annual meeting on the evening of Monday, May 26th. The meeting was opened by singing, and prayer. Mr. McLanahan of '73, the President of the Association, then took the chair, when the minutes of the last meeting were read by Mr. Ledwith of '74, the secretary, and approved, with a few alterations, by the Society. The report of the Treasurer was next in order. Mr. Rubinkam of '74, then read his report; during the last academic year \$—— have been subscribed and sent to the American Bible Society. A motion was made to appropriate a certain amount of money, to be expended for Bibles, which Mr. Jones of '73, was to distribute along the canal between this place and Trenton. Election of officers then came up, when the following gentlemen were elected.

President, Mr. Ledwith, '74.

Vice President, Mr. Field, '74.

Treasurer, Mr. Louderbough, '75.

Secretary, Mr. Plumer, '75.

Managers, Strong, Chisolm, '74; Eddy, Coyle, '75; Beach, Starr, '76.

Delegates to the Bible Society Convention, which meets at Lawrenceville, Scotland and Strong, '74.

The Rev. Dr. Deems, of N. Y. City, who was present by the invitation of the Society, made an impressive address on "The Power and Spread of the Holy Scriptures." The meeting closed with singing and the benediction.

A concert was given in the Second Presbyterian Church some evenings ago. Not having been present we are unable to treat of it fully. Several ladies and gentlemen from New York were present, and the distinguished Amateurs of Princeton favored the audience with an exhibition of their skill. We had almost forgotten to mention that the College Quartette, Messrs. Dennis, Dulles, Pell and Lawrence, contributed *greatly* to the evening's entertainment. The affair passed off very well, and all professed to have enjoyed themselves exceedingly. A few more such occasions would not be amiss.

While on the subject of music we must not forget to mention a little private concert in North College, which we *did* attend. The musicians were Messrs. Seger, guitar, Markoe, '76, violin, Dennis, '73, flute, Richards, '73, flute. Our readers know the abilities of the gentlemen, and will not wonder when we say that the evening was spent delightfully. Each gentleman, to our untutored fancy, seemed to play with the skill of an artist. We hope to have the pleasure of hearing them often, before '73 leaves us.

OUR CHAPEL.—Rumor has it that before long we shall have a new Chapel. Let us hope that the seats will be cushioned, and it will be supplied with modern conveniences. We have been requested to suggest that the edifice be made very large, and that in the rear four rooms of suitable size be built for the meetings of the class prayer-meetings. The walls can be deadened, and the rooms so arranged that no inconvenience will result from having all the classes thus thrown together. The convenience of such a scheme will be apparent to every one, and if it be practicable we earnestly desire to see it put into execution.

POET AND HISTORIAN.—One evening, not long since, we were entertained for some time by listening to the poetic wanderings of some ill-starred individual, scarcely *less* gifted than unlucky. His satires were pungent. He displayed a talent (?) for invective rivaling that of old Juv. Several were forced to retire in confusion, who had dared to laugh at one of nature's children, one who, as he professed in metre, which we have forgotten, "loved the mountain and the moor, and would sooner take a look at a landscape than take a taste of 'Old Bourbon!'" We rather think he took advantage of a poetic license in framing the latter remark. We wouldn't have trusted him with one of our editorial canteens in the Yo-Semite valley.

We were honored with another disappointed genius, in the shape of a Historian, who was wont to give us lectures on the Moral, Physical and Intellectual superiority of Ireland over the rest of the world, and to deliver a discourse on the Greatness of the Catholic Church, and the Record of Apostolic Succession. He, unlike the former whom "Nature had made a poet, but destiny had made him a"—tramp, evidently enjoyed his "bitters" rather more than the ancient chronicles of "ould Ireland."

THE "P. S. C."—About two years some members of the College, having a kindred feeling in regard to science, and desiring to obtain more knowl-



edge in regard to the several branches of scientific pursuits, banded themselves, in an informal way, into an association. At this time they had scarcely any strict organization, but were accustomed to meet on a certain evening of each week, and discuss topics pertaining to science, particularly Natural Science. After a while, however, as their numbers increased it was found that some plan of government must be arranged. It was then that the — appeared which created so much excitement, and started so many inquiries. Aside from sundry whisperings and secret conclaves, which excited suspicion, this was the first acknowledgement that such a society existed. For a long time it was kept entirely secret, now, however, resting under the approval and protection of certain prominent members of the Faculty, it has been determined to tell more concerning it, its object and intentions.

First, then, the letters "P. S. C.," stand for the words, "*Princeton Scientific Club.*" The name explains itself. It was not meant that everything should be done conformably to a set of fixed rules, which could have been implied by the name society. Their place of meeting was meant to be a club-room, where every one would be on an equality, where members could do as they pleased, and where quiet talks could be held, or experiments performed as the case might be. Such was the intention from the beginning, and such is the case now. Pleasure has always been combined with profit. Those students have been selected who, while having a marked taste for scientific pursuits, were also sociable. It has been hard to make a choice; Princeton boasts many whose social qualities are unsurpassed, but the votaries of science can be counted with one breath.

The primary object of the club, as may be imagined, was the formation of a desire for scientific research among our students. We regret to say that, thus far, its success has been but partial; but we hope better things in the future, especially since our Scientific School has been established to which it will undoubtedly become a powerful auxiliary.

The plan was devised to meet a want, for which the Halls did not provide. As our Literary Societies are intended to promote the cause of literature, so this Club has been organized to further the cause of science. It has worked conjointly with the Halls, has required no duties of its members which would conflict with the exercises of the Halls, but has rather aided them in many ways. We expect some day to see it taking as high a stand as they do, and doing as great and good a work.

We are requested to announce that the Club has rented the room above the Printing Office, for the ensuing year. The roof is to be raised, and the room itself handsomely fitted up, and well supplied with apparatus.

#### AMONG THE STUDENTS.

Some one, the other day, mentioned that the Editors of this *Lit.* should say something about the *telescope*. Alas, that poor *telescope*! All we can say about it is what we have read every year in the College Catalogue, "The

telescope" is in process of construction, and will be ready for the use of the Senior Class next fall; we hope so, we hardly dare expect.

We understand that a new sort of a heating apparatus is to be put under North College, by means of which all the Colleges will be furnished with steam. With all due deference to the projector of the scheme, we would suggest that all the steam-heating be done away with as a failure, and that coal be burned in all the buildings. Any one who spent a great deal of time in Reunion Hall last winter, knows what the steam will do in the way of heating that building, and we can not predict a more successful result in this new trial.

The students rooming in North College have requested us to suggest to whoever has charge of the matter, that Bill be instructed to commence his daily round a little earlier, say between the hours of two and three, or perhaps one and two would be better, and that he endeavor, unless it be too great an exertion for him, to make a little more noise, in the way of clashing tin buckets, and to howl out his morning salute, in that mild voice of his, a little louder; and also that a new aromatic tube be furnished him.

The following conundrum was actually asked us, not long ago.

Why is our University nine different from a locomotive?

Ans.—Because it has its cow catcher behind.

We, together with the rest of the college, have been delighted to witness the display of *horse-womanship* on our streets lately. We always feel like giving them the tiger as they pass us. Come often and bring your friends with you.

The new Carmina Princetonia has made its appearance. Without the jokes, "it contains all the old clown's songs, original and select, comic and sentimental." In behalf of the College, we return thanks to the committee, Messrs. Dennis, Dulles and Colton, all of '73, and would call attention to the energy they displayed in issuing the edition. A bat is far more acceptable to the gentlemen than thanks, and we urge the college to come forward and take at least one of the books, as, we understand, the gentlemen are about to take advantage of the Bankrupt Law.

A Junior took a bath some days ago, and swears triennials are a bore.

In commenting on our late games with Yale, the *N. Y. Herald* says, that the probable result of the series, and of the present good feeling existing between the colleges, will be an annual series. We hope so, and trust that they may always be as pleasant as they have been this year.

One of our Professors was electrified by a student translating, "*tu hoc silebis*," "mum's the word."

A Junior, speaking of his criticism on "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," said he was going to "*Launce* it forth with *Speed*."

Prof. Duffield is once more among us. We are pleased to see him looking so well and hope soon to hear of him in the class-room.

*Scene.*—Parlor in a family mansion. Two students calling on two young ladies. Subject of conversation, the tender passion and marriage.

*Young lady.*—"It's moon-shine, then the honey-moon, and after that its all dark."

*Student* (with visions of the class-cup.)—"I'll have a little sun (son)-shine in there." No. 2 collapses, young ladies are speechless. A brilliant flash of silence ensues.

Appropriate,—the Freshmen singing under sick tutor's window, "I would not live away."

The Library is almost finished. The grading around the front is very well done, and presents a neat appearance. It is hoped that the inside will be finished on Class-day in order that the Memorial Oration may be delivered there. A bust of Dr. McCosh is to be the only remembrance '73 will leave behind them, to the College, we mean; to us they leave, coupled with their names, the recollection of happy, joyous moments; memories they leave deep planted in our breasts, deep-planted like the symbolic ivy, whose clinging tendrils fasten more closely as the years increase.

Examination Hall.—Smiling Professor to a dignified Junior standing before him, "Well, Mr. A., what is Natural Theology?"

Mr. A., with increased perpendicularity of the head, and a general stableness of demeanor, "Well, sah, I reckon it's a red book writ by Paley."

The examination continues for about ten minutes with less dig.

For economy and careful business management, we would recommend that student of our college, who bought a postal-card, wrote on both sides of the same, put it in an envelope, put a three cent stamp on the envelope and mailed it, with the remark that he thought postal-cards a very convenient article, and that the government should be highly commended for issuing them.

'74 has elected her photographic committee. Care has been taken to elect gentlemen who have reached the age of twenty-one, in order that a legal contract may be entered into with whatsoever photographer the class may select. The committee are James Scarlet, Chairman, A. D. McClure, E. L. Stevens.

#### PERSONAL.

'46. Heister Clymer, Member of Congress from Pennsylvania.

'57. J. T. Duryea, D.D., elected Trustee of the College.

'64. L. B. Halsey, Practising Law in Newburg, N. Y.

'64. R. E. Deyo, Practising Law in N. Y. City.

'64. G. H. Clark, Practising Law in Newburg, N. Y.

'66. J. K. Cowen, Attorney at Law in Baltimore, Md., and Attorney of the Baltimore and Ohio R. R.

'66. J. S. Blair, Practising Law in Huntingdon, Pa.

'68. J. M. Poulson, Practising Law in Akron, Oo.

'68. Stryker, Member of the Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania. Practising in West Philadelphia.

'68. W. Scott, Coal business in Huntingdon, Pa.

'68. J. B. Randall, Professor of Latin at Lincoln University, Oxford, Pa.

'69. Jobs, Columbia Law School, N. Y. City.

'69. Brakely, Practising Law in Bordentown, N. J.

'69. Eby, Married. (A single word, how pregnant with meaning).

'70. Grafton Ford, Just been elected City Treasurer of Harrisburg, Pa.

'70. J. E. Shaw, Been licensed to Preach in the U. P. Church. Expects to sail for Europe in August to pursue his studies. Matrimonial prospects good.

'70. Tom Brown, Sails for Europe on the 27th of June. Many wishes for a prosperous and pleasant voyage and a good time.

'70. J. E. Patterson, Has his shingle out at Harrisburg, Pa.

'70. Peters, has "went and gone and done it."

'71. A. G. Miller, Practising Law at Carlisle, Pa.

'71. W. P. Wilson, Teaching in Port Royal, Pa.

'72. G. A. Blake, Teaching in Ellston, N. J.

'72. W. S. Bellville, In the P. R. R. Office in Philadelphia. Still single.

'72. T. K. Bradford, *Poling* Law in Baltimore, Md.

'72. W. P. Lane, *Poling*, actually *poling* Law in Hagerstown, Md.

'72. H. B. Greene, Hard at work at Law in Buffalo. Says, when he got the news of our first game with Yale he cussed, *mildly*, but he cussed. Second game he said "good enough." Game with Harvard, he stood on his head. Game with the Resolutes, danced a frantic can-can.

'73. J. A. Wilson, had a party in Reunion. We intended to take notes on the speeches, but somehow the boys didn't articulate distinctly enough. We took some notes, but we couldn't read them next day. John says when he heard about the Resolute game, he — went to bed?

'73. Carstensen, Writing a History of Hobart College. Has evidently found a place where his *remarkable* talents are appreciated.

'73. Cecil, Trading horses in Kentucky.

'73. Dukes, Graduated at the close of the second term. On the U. S. Grand Jury, June term of Court, at Williamsport, Pa.

'73. Ernst, Received with marks of distinguished regard by the members of the Base Ball fraternity in Philadelphia.

'73. Nat. E. Goodwin, has been heard from through the following, "Notice."—After earnest solicitations on the part of his friends, Mr. N. tE. Goodwin, Jr., has consented to become a candidate for the office of Justice of the Peace of Beat No. 2, and tenders his claims to his friends and the

public generally. Though youthful, Mr. Goodwin (whose merit is not to be measured by his years) possesses that vigorous understanding and discerning judgment which befits a magistrate and a conservator of the peace. To those acquainted with Mr. G., this testimonial would be useless. Relying on the deserved support of his friends, Mr. Goodwin announces himself a candidate." Poor Nat! So young and guileless! "All unvoided is the doom of destiny."

'74. Foreman, Trading horses in Freehold.

'74. Gordon, Practising Law at Cumberland.

'74. Frishmuth, University of Pa. Polling up.

'74. Graham, Prospering in business in Newark, N. J.

'74. Logan, In business in Scranton, Pa.

'74. McClure, Says his feet constitute the most striking feature of North College.

'74. Kit Carson, Gone home with the rheumatism.

'74. "Dersh" wants to know if the town of Babel was on the plains of "Shinar."

'74. Nick swears that *eels jump milldams* is a dam(n) lie.

'74. Strong and Thompson, Polling the Catechism.

#### EXCHANGES.

Since our last issue we have received one or more of the following exchanges:

*Harvard Advocate, Hamilton Monthly, Yale Comant, Cornell Era, Cop and Gowen, Yale Record, Dartmouth, Orient, Hobart Sentinel, The Geyser, The Tripod, The Williams Vidette, The Williams Review, The Packer Quarterly, The Denison Collegian, The College Journal, Bates Student, Lafayette Monthly, Yale Lit. Mag., The Vassar Miscellany, The Collegian, The Triad, The Marietta Olio, Qui Vire, Iowa Classic, The Targum, The University Herald, The University Echo, Irving Union College, Courant, Hesperian Student, The Anvil, The College Herald, The University Reporter, The Trinity Tablet, The Volante.*

Some of the youths of Evanston University are afraid to speak in the Literary Society because the other sex are present.

"Let them make fun of you if they choose, the society is as much yours as theirs, your independence should induce you to speak. Do not lose opportunity for self-improvement on account of the ladies." *Tripod.*

No indeed, stand up for your rights, and the ladies will overlook your frailties.

A bad commentary, by the way, on mixed colleges.

The *Harvard Advocate* forcibly controverts the opinion that Harvard is Atheistical; points out the difference between Atheism and Unitarianism;

and asserts, "The College as a College does not exert any sectarian influence on its students."

We learn from the *Yale Courant* that owing to the scarcity of boats, the Phelps Barge Race will not be rowed this year.

The Freshmen at Yale have struck the "*golden mean*" in regard to wine at class supper. Those who desire wine may provide it at their individual expense.

The *University Herald* tells us that some of the girls of '76 refused to enter the class room because they thought the boys were laughing at them, and the Professor was obliged to come out and expostulate with the fair damsels in order to bring them to terms. Behold the beauties of mixed Colleges. The boys think there are too many *damsels* in the mongrel system.

"There is a man in '76 who is engaged to be married." *Yale Record*.

That's nothing! We have a man in '75 who is already married, and one half of '76 are thinking about the class cap.

"Vassar has an anti-falling-in-love-society." We learn on good authority that 200 Vassar students are engaged to be married, and presume the society embraces that other class, who would not fall in love if they could.

What a list of broken hearts and disappointed loves its roll must present.

The question of class-day expenses is attracting the attention of many of our exchanges. In some Colleges there is a growing opposition to unnecessary outlay.

"Such lavish expenditures by classes, many of whose members are limited in means, or even entirely dependent upon others, is highly reprehensible. The imposing appearance they are thus enabled to make may fool some thoughtless boy or fascinate some simpering girl, but their intimate acquaintances will think more of them if they honestly pay their way and say good-bye in a modest, unassuming manner. We know that the desire to outshine is strong, but men who have gone through college should prefer to gratify that desire by the brightness of their own intellect, rather than by the borrowed splendor of hard cash." *The Tripod*.

"We refer particularly to the reckless extravagance of graduating classes. It is not at Cornell alone that Seniors are expected to meet these expenses, but it is a custom among all of our colleges. Upon us here the burden falls all the more heavily on account of the large number of comparatively poor students which we have among us. \* \* \* \* The tendency of all these customs is to make it more and more difficult for very many students to pursue a full college course."—*Cornell Era*.

With Dryden we think "There is a *mean* in all things."

"A story of American College life, worthy of the name, has not yet been written."—*Harvard Advocate*. We think there are insurmountable difficulties in the way. American college life differs so much in the several colleges.

To make our college the standard to the exclusion of the others would be manifestly unjust. Harvard life is no exponent of that of Princeton.

"We count the *Nassau Lit.* as one of our best exchanges. It is solid, and yet not at all stupid. Long may it wave."—*Packer Quarterly*. Thanks. The *Lit.* can return the compliment. Notwithstanding the formidable appearance of its exterior, the change from the solid *Yale Literary*, and the aspiring *Lafayette Monthly* to the sprightly *Quarterly* is very acceptable.

Hobart College wants an elective course.

A need supplied. "Rutgers has a temperance lecturer."

The Union Literary Society has died the death. The time was when Hobart could sustain two societies of this kind, but they seem to have had their best days *everywhere*. Hamilton's Union & Phoenix are defunct, and if Brothers and Linonia still exist at Yale, they are merely nominal organizations.—*Hobart Sentinel*. The cool assumption of the *Sentinel* is quite refreshing this hot weather. Hobart and Hamilton are set up as criteria. We pity their degenerate condition. Be it known to the *Sentinel*, that the American Whig and Clisophie Societies of Princeton, having stood the trials of over a century, are to-day on a firmer foundation than ever before.

The *Lafayette Monthly* devotes three pages to proving examinations are unfair and useless. We commend it to the Faculty.

AN EDUCATION.—"It is a full round development. The body and mind are alike susceptible of being cultivated by exercise."—*Targum*.

Yes, and those nameless qualities which go to make up the true gentleman. If the students in our sister college, in addition to their acquisitions in Geology and "gas making," shall attain to the standard of true gentlemen, they will be able to treat a rival base ball club, when their guests, with becoming courtesy.

The students of the University of Kentucky are not in revolt. "Some fellow, we suppose, manufactured the story for his own amusement."—*Collegian*.

We are glad to welcome the April number of the *Vassar Miscellany* which, by the way, we thought had deserted us. We have only praise for the *Miscellany*, and are not extravagant in saying we consider it our best exchange. It is a fitting exponent of the Institution it represents, and reflects great credit on its fair editors. The articles on "The duty of the state to culture," "Charles Reade as a Novelist," and "The Sycophant in Literary Criticism" are especially good.

Under the title of "Our Western Schools," the *Marrietta Olio* gives vent to the following: "The words of Dr. McCosh that he would rather educate a son in the most obscure Western College than those great Eastern schools, seems not to be without foundation and has made the greatest of them quake." This is a perversion of a sentence in Dr. McCosh's article on "Obligatory

Attendance at College Recitations." The statement was conditional. "If in the Eastern colleges his son would seldom come into personal contact with his instructors, and he thought that everything was to depend on his appearance at a set of formal examinations, *then* he would prefer to send him to the most obscure college in the West, where he would have a few careful teachers instructing him from day to day." In that case it would be only a *choice between evils*. We can see no cause for the special joy manifested by our Western exchanges.

A Junior in Harvard thus defines a *Faculty*. "It is an *active power*, diametrically opposed to *capacity*."

We are glad to welcome the May number of the *Hamilton Literary Monthly* before going to press. The best article is on "The Paradise Lost." The May number of the *Dartmouth* is also just in time. "The Poet Praed and his Friends," and "Language and Evolution," are especially worthy of notice. The *Hesperian Student* has likewise reached us. It is a live little paper, and we doubt not will uphold the motto of the state it represents.

#### CLIPPINGS.

"There is to be but one compulsory Sunday service in the College in future. We are inclined to think that this is about the fair thing on the part of a college faculty. It is true that a man who won't go to church at least once a week ought to be made to go, but to act on the high pressure principle of compelling every one to go in all kinds of weather, two or more times per day, to hear any kind of preacher, never awakens much religious fervor in a bad boy."—*Tripod*.

Scene in Rhetoric class: Prof., Mr. R., when you speak of your girl as "*my love*," what figure of speech do you use?

Mr. R., Hyperbole. *Convulsions by class*.—*Ex*.

*Botany Class*.—Prof. combating the idea that there is sufficient arsenic in the green coloring matter of wall-paper to poison people.

*Junior*. But Professor, don't green dresses sometimes kill people? Prof. not unless they are too tight, but still you had better avoid *green dresses*.—*Ex*.

*Scene*.—Junior Promenade. Lady *loquitur*—"won't you take a seat, Mr. —? Senior, respondit (with embarrassment)—"thank you, 1-1— never sit."—*Ex*.

"Two ladies were chatting gaily, when the conversation turned upon the subject of dress. Lady No. 1, in reply to a facetious remark of No. 2, said: I'm in no mood for trifling to-day, and I'm backed up in my good intentions by the presence of *Zion's Herald* in my panier." No. 2 remarked, "These's no use of your feeling so particularly good about that. I have a *Christian at Work* in mine!"



"There are 433 students at Vassar, of whom only one is a Christian." That's the one we know. \*

A barbarous joke.—"A successful female barber in Philadelphia shows what woman may do to *razor* self to independence."—*University Echo*.

"Williams College has opened her doors to ladies."

"Rutgers has raised \$2,000 towards sending a crew to next summer's Regatta."

"A Vassar senior was lately caught smoking a cigar, and gave as her reason for the act, that it made it smell as if a man was around."—*Ex*.

"If hell were to swallow an emetic, it could not vomit up such a crowd as Yale College produces."—*Daniel Pratt*.

"A senior asked in Physiology if there were any locks on the Alimentary canal."—*Madisonensis*.

A slimy trick.—putting eels in a freshman's bed."—*Targum*.

"Dear gentle, lovely reader! did you ever walk, sit, talk, with a fair one and feel it your duty to *smile*? If so I pity you most deeply.

I know of no sight more pathetic than to see a Soph, with hands like those of Providence and feet like a sign-board, sitting opposite his holly hock, on the edge of a chair, with a crystallized smile on his face.

Somehow, I think of a mother's tears, of early hopes blighted, of amar-anths, cypresses, funerals and rainy Sundays."—*Tripod*.

The class of '74 at Madison University have resolved that they will graduate in alphabetical order without class honors.—*Ex*.

A Female student in a Michigan Medical College, getting tired of living single, bought a man for \$20 last month. He was dead and she wanted him to cut up and study over, a piece at a time.

Vassar—"The riding-school has been discontinued for lack of funds." Young ladies of Vassar, the Juniors of Hamilton can truly sympathize with you. Ponies on Plautius cost \$4.00!—*Hamilton Lit. Mo*.

The Yale faculty have forbidden college or society singing in the streets of New Haven.—*Ex*.

Senior's soliloquy upon a lesson in mental science: "Twenty-five pages! why don't he give us fifty, we'd get along twice as fast, and learn just as much!"—*Orient*.

A young lady teacher in a mission school caught a boy smiling last Sunday. Said she, "what are you smiling at, Johnny?" "Nothing mum," was the answer. "I know better," said the teacher severely; "now tell me what it was." Johnny looked frightened, as he stammeringly said, "I—I—s-see yer n-newspapers sticking out, mum." The teacher sat down and arranged things.—*College Courant*.

The sermon last Sunday in the chapel, on the translation of Enoch, suggested the following to a Senior, who woke up his next neighbor and asked

him: "Why is Elijah's translation to be preferred to that of Enoch?" Other Senior gaped and didn't know. "'Cause he was translated with ponies."—*Ex.*

A professor observing a student with something in his mouth like tobacco, cried out: "*Quid est Hoc?*" when the student replied, "*Hoc est Quid!*"

Cows are of the genus *Bos*. Don't judge from this that Boston means Cowton. They make lots of calf skin boots there, though. In this connection we will say that Bulwer and Cowper are both dead. One butted his way to fame; the other was full of the milk of human kindness.

CO-EDUCATION. —President Eliot of Harvard, says that, having examined some thirty mixed colleges in the West, he has come to a conclusion hostile to them. Oberlin College, which began without distinguishing in any manner the female from the male students, has at last almost developed into two colleges under one name; the women taking both courses and degrees different from the men. It is also significant that the matron told Mr. Eliot that she would be unwilling to have a daughter of hers in Oberlin College. The President said, or implied, that the physique of women rendered them unfit for such education as men get. It is unfortunate, we think, that the testimony of leading educators differs so materially upon these practical questions. The evidence is often diametrically opposed, and can do but little more than confuse the candid student of social science. Mr. Eliot says that both male and female physicians agree in declaring that women are physically unfit for study; Mr. Raymond, of Vassar, says that four hundred healthier women can hardly be found than those at Poughkeepsie. In view of this confliction, our condition is much like that of jurors in a murder trial after listening to the testimony of chemical experts. —*Magenta.*

Prof. Kirkwood's calculation respecting the intra-mercurial planet Vulcan receives incidental confirmation from Prof. Alexander, of the College of New Jersey, who has computed an almost identical period with his, for a planet whose existence would account for the perturbations of Mercury.

The College Family, in this year 1872-3, numbers four hundred and thirty-three persons. —*Vassar Miscellany.*

A correspondent asks us if we really believe "that a woman could endure a college course of study." We believe that a woman who could endure the society of the average young man of the period, could endure anything. —*N. Y. Commercial.*

What cheek! to go home from church with a Sem. girl, and then take a servant maid of one of the Profs. out for an evening stroll! O, Jehu! —*Madisonensis.*

A mineral (!) quality has been discovered in the water of the drinking fountains. A Junior says it is a sort of plant-like taste—Cow-slip. —*Madisonensis.*

The word love, in the Indian language, is "Schemlendamourchwager." How nicely it would sound in a lady's ear, "I schemlendamourchwager you!"—*Review*.

"You Jawge Washington! tell Abram Linkum to bring William Seward in out o' de wet, or I'll tar' you in two. Dat blessed chile might ketch his death o' cold for all you lazy niggers 'nd keer."—*Southern Collegian*.

In a Latin class, a few days since, a young lady was called up for the declension of a certain word. She boldly proceeded: "*Hic, haec, hoc, huc-us, huc-us, huc-us,*" which latter was received with joyful applause by the boys.—*Ex*.

And still another outgrowth of the mixed-college system: "Who can explain this strange enigma?"

Mr. — presents his compliments to Miss —, soliciting the pleasure of attending the "Platonean Select Performance," Friday evening, April 23, 1873. [The answer is peculiar.]

Miss — returns compliments to Mr. —, and has no objection to his attending the performance on that evening.

Alas! such is life, full of mistakes and disappointments. While thinking over this strange question, our minds are lost in wonder and, almost unconsciously, our pen censures to scratch.—*McKendree Repository*.

The rate of mortality in the Junior class has increased alarmingly and if things go on, as they have been doing for the past week, we fear the valedictorian will be obliged to graduate alone.—*Yale Courant*.

POOR JOKE.—*Fresh*.—"Chummy, why should the Princeton nine be called poison?" *Chum*.—"Why, because they are such a strict nine, I suppose."—*Yale Courant*.

A Yankee Doctor has contrived to extract from a sausage a powerful tonic, which, he says, contains the whole strength of the original bark. He calls it the sulphate of canine.—*Argus*.

Princeton beat Harvard by a score of three to one on Thursday last. This looks encouraging.—*Yale Courant*.

"We are sorry to have to notice a slight oversight on the part of the editors of that usually good and reliable magazine, the *Nassau Lit*. It says: 'The *Nassau Lit*. only, among the hundred or so college publications of our country, gives a prize.' We must confess our surprise that the editors do not seem to be aware that the most coveted Junior prize in Yale is the *Yale Lit*. medal, which has been regularly given for years. We think better than ever of the *Nassau Lit*. since it has followed in our footsteps."—*Yale Lit*.

We are very glad to be set right by our contemporary, and regret that we have appeared unjust. It was unintentional. To us there seems to be a difference between bestowing one prize per year, that being confined to the Junior Class, and giving a prize at each issue, and allowing the whole college to compete. However we are ready to follow the *Yale Lit*. in any good cause.

"Princeton College should have a newspaper. The *Nassau Lit.* is a good enough college magazine, but a community of students like those of Princeton need a good, live journal published at least once a month, and sparkling with the effervescence of college life."—*College Days*.

Something like the *College Days*, we presume. We are very glad to see our friends so solicitous in our behalf, and we are not insensible to our own interests. We do need a good college paper, not a "monthly," but a weekly. But we want one worthy of the college, not one after the order of *College Days* and papers of that class. Until we can sustain such an undertaking we prefer to concentrate our energies. Our concentration produces the *Lit.*, "a good enough college magazine," that of Franklin and Marshall the *College Days*.

In the same precocious little paper we find the following, from which it appears that a perverted rumor of recent college events has reached Lancaster.

"The 'College Nines' are in the field again. The Princeton nine visited New Haven a short time ago, and in an exciting game were defeated by the close score of ten to nine." Give 'em a pretzel!

"As usual, the *Nassau Lit.* comes to us the perfection of good taste, neatness and elegance in all that regards external furnishings. Judging from our own experience, typographical accuracy is about as attainable as the philosopher's stone; but the *Lit.*'s success gives us courage. Nor does its interior belie the promise of the exterior; the February number is conspicuous among our exchanges for its general excellence. Its best article is an extended review of M. Taine's criticism of Tennyson, which is remarkable for grace, freedom and finish of style, and symmetry of arrangement. Excellent as are H. J. V. D.'s contributions, his appearance in such a startling number and variety of characters and situations made a peculiar impression on us, somewhat akin to that produced by the fable-renowned rice-dinner of twenty courses. Although we miss the vivacious *Pipe and Pen Sketches* which were so pleasant a feature in the *Lits* of last year, yet their place is well filled by the *Voice from the Students*, a department excellent in aim and well conducted. We have seldom seen anything richer than the account of the Princeton students' experience with George Francis Train."—*Vassar Miscellany*.

In the elocution department last term, as the class were studying the passions, among others, examples of modesty were required. Mr. A. gave as his example,

"O stay" the maiden said, "and rest  
Thy weary head upon this breast!"  
A tear stood in his bright blue eye,  
But still he answered, with a sigh,

"Excelsior!"

The professor then asked how modesty was expressed in that example? "I think," said A. "it was rather modest in him to refuse."—*College Argus*.